☆17

VOGUE

60c

OCTOBER 15

The new successes in after-six fashions

News in the shirt-and-skirt life

"New gauge for good manners"

Bosom perfection– new possibilities



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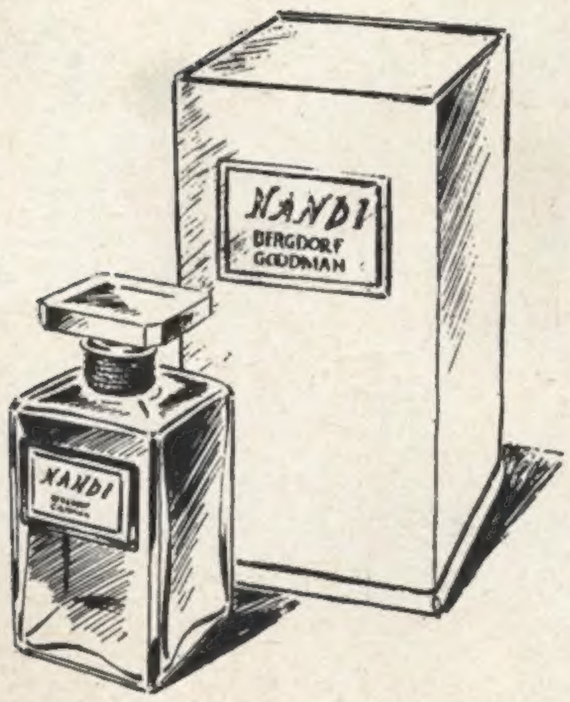
Charles of the Ritz



GILBERT ROY

The Dotted Divinity $185

On the heavenly side of fashion...this dotted silk organdy
dance dress by Mollie Parnis. Its main tendency: to float romantically,
its camisole top wrapped up in a deeply ruffled stole. Hot pink with black dots;
also solid black, brown, or star sapphire blue. Sizes 8 to 16.
Misses Dresses, Fourth Floor.



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LE SECRET de JEUNESSE

CREME VITONIA

ANTOINE de PARIS

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VOGUE

INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR

There are three Vogues: American, French, British — I. S. V.-PATCÉVITCH Publisher

OCTOBER 15, 1959



PENN

COVER

Part of a dress, all of a face—
each, a success on its own.
What shows of the dress: a white satin
fichu (for the whole dress, see page 107).
Giving the face satiny translucence:
Flowing Velvet pressed powder in Petal
Beige; this, with a protective moisting property
built in. Lipstick: Dew Kissed Rose, also
moisture-making; the eye shadow, Sage Green.
All make-up by Jacqueline Cochran,
at Saks Fifth Avenue.

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Vol. 134, No. 7
Whole No. 2027

THE FASHION TEMPO U.S.A.

welcomes winter in the grand manner. The regal greatcoat of superb blonde wool . . . the magnificent pillow-cape collar of finest Canadian natural beaver. Also in black with black beaver. By
TILLY HEITNER



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IN THE CITY OF WASHINGTON

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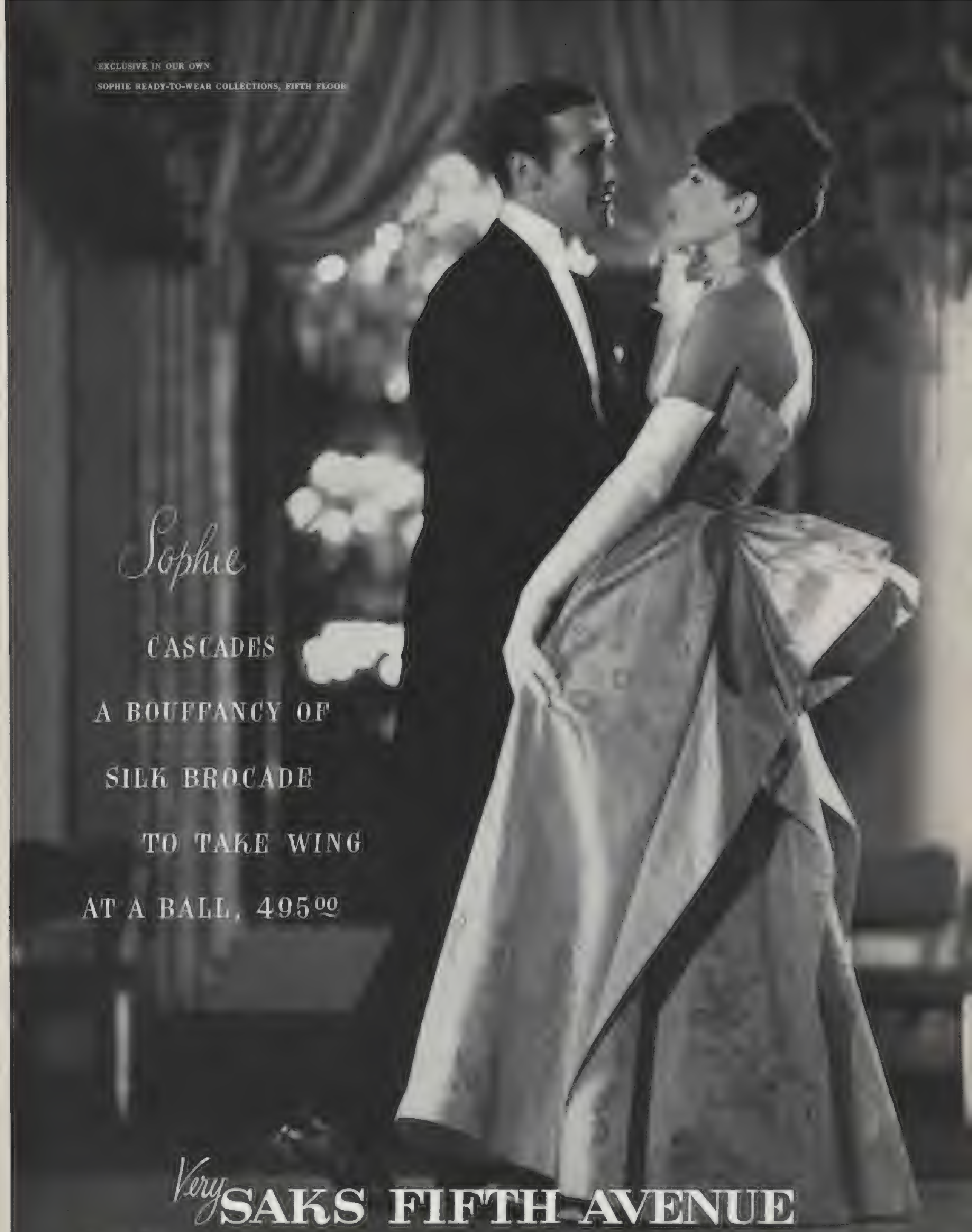


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Accessories from Bergdorf Goodman Virginia Thoren

ON THE PLAZA • NEW YORK 19
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5TH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET

Born of the torrid but tender
dances of Spain
this seething... breathing red
that holds its own across
a crowded room!

Flama Grandé
by Revlon

What a color! The very pulse of cosmetic fashion is surging to the rhythmic beat of this richer, fuller red for lips and fingertips.
It's the first new direction
for red in many a year.



Ball gowns from Balenciaga's 'Flama Grande' Collection designed expressly for Revlon.

'Flama Grande' in Lipstick and matching Nail Enamel.

'Futurama' Lipstick Case and other jewels by Van Cleef and Arpels.



All the romance of Paris is caught in this dazzling new perfume, created, bottled and sealed in France. In any language, Dana's *gai* Bon Voyage says – have a wonderful time – the world is yours!

Bon voyage



Dana
PARIS — NEW YORK



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They're action cut to fit where it counts most ...man-tailored to the last detail of hand-shaping. In a magnificent array of fabrics, patterns and colors. Sizes 5 to 17, 6 to 18. $13 to $20. At fine stores everywhere or write Pantempos, 525 Seventh Ave., New York 18.

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No more blurring. No feathery edges. Because this lipstick is pointed and curved like a heart, it draws a flawless line. Gets into corners as no rounded lipstick can. You can even *alter* the shape of your lips!

In five romantic new shades

Who but Helena Rubinstein could imagine such a brilliantly *new* lipstick! Who but Helena Rubinstein could create shades worthy of it? Pink that's the *heart* of pink. Red that's the *soul* of red. True coral. Pure peach. Luscious cherry. All in Helena Rubinstein's own "Dew-Kissed" formula that smooths your lips to vibrant, soft new beauty.

Heart-Shape lipstick in jeweler's design metal cases, 1.50 to 6.00. In pretty, new pink case, 1.00. *Prices plus tax.*

FREE with every lipstick: Helena Rubinstein's booklet, "How to shape a beautiful mouth."



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Right answer to figuring most attractively in this superb suit by Adele Simpson: *Answer*® combination, a Gossard Original, so unique it's patented*. Inner bands support and flatten tummy, smooth midriff, control derriere. Here is your *Answer* for a comfortable feeling when the whole world is looking at you. Boneless pull-on, $20. With side zipper, $27.50.

THE H. W. GOSSARD CO., CHICAGO NEW YORK
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UNDERNEATH IT ALL



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Blechman

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D'ORSAY

WONDERFUL NEW WORLD AFTER DARK

The Fords of Fashion for '60

featuring David Crystal's
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new Falcon, Galaxie, and Thunderbird

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Worcester, Mass.	Richard Healy Co.
Wynwood, Pa.	John Wanamaker
Youngstown, Ohio	Livingston & Sons

SHANNON



New note in perfume—

Paris soundings

In hand, above, is a new French perfume not to be unsealed in shops here till October 25. It is available to Vogue readers by coupon. Called F-sharp (or F♯ if you're musically minded) and composed of "haunting undertones and gay capricious top notes," the fragrance has a fine sense of worldliness—timing, if you like—quite equal to brocades as well as tweeds. In keeping with the musical theme, the packaging is black and white, and the full name, a swinger—F-sharp, Parfum Extraordinaire by Fabergé. A sampling, $1, plus coupon below.

Vogue, Dept. F.P.
420 Lexington Avenue
New York 17, N. Y.

Please send me Vogue's sampler of Fabergé's new perfume F♯ as offered in the October 15, 1959 issue of Vogue. I enclose $1 (which includes tax and postage).

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ *Zone* _____ *State* _____

This offer is good only in Continental U.S. and Canada through December 15, 1959. Please allow one month for delivery.

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NEW WORLD
AFTER DARK

A wonderful new world of Fords for '60





New spectaculars: finest Fords of a lifetime—suits that glitter and go

Each year one car becomes THE fashion car . . . each season one dress becomes THE dress. This happens when enough women find the smartest and best-dressed way to go. These are the fashion successes—these are the "Fords" of fashion. Here are seven pages of cars and clothes slated for certain success:

Galaxie Town Victoria by Ford: New beautiful version of an overwhelming hit! Now more elegant than ever . . . now more precisely built for comfort. Its wider doors, higher seats a boon to slim-skirted



of Fashion for '60

entering and sitting. Its wider windows—the better for seeing and being seen. For quick response to the gentle touch—its Thunderbird V-8 engine. Part of what makes a fashion Ford—its low Ford price.

The silk brocade suit—new P.M. spectacular engineered by David Crystal for moonlight mobility. Accelerated by color, powered by line—it will be on its beautiful way to first nights, parties, gala affairs all season long.

"Fords of Fashion" P.M. suits (priced about $100) at Bergdorf Goodman, Neiman-Marcus, I. Magnin. The J. L. Hudson Company, Julius Garfinckel, John Wanamaker, Neusteters and Harzfeld's.



The easiest car in the world to own—the easiest, brightest fashion to wear

The Falcon: (right) New-size Ford—newest star to brighten traffic: Ford's new sibling is pared down to popular demand (yet easily seats a theatre party of six) . . . packed with safety . . . stability . . . U.S. know-how! More proof that best things come in small packages . . . the Falcon goes up to 30 miles per gallon! From any point of view—or value—the easiest car in the world to own.

The Country Squire: (left) Luxury leader of all Ford station wagons! In 1960's bright new edition there's as much as 5 inches more shoulder room, 3 inches more for hips (no chance of crushing



the Fords of Fashion for '60

the bright brocades) and a lanky new leg room! Long in comfort . . . power . . . economy, too.

The silk brocade P.M. suit—accelerated by color. Golds glitter and glow . . . reds halt traffic . . . blues and greens go-go-go. The point of view here: pale or bright—a suit must dazzle. And on all pages—David Crystal puts this theory in motion for after dark.

"Fords of Fashion" P.M. suits (priced about $100) at Bergdorf Goodman, Neiman-Marcus, I. Magnin, The J. L. Hudson Company, Julius Garfinckel, Bramson, Neusteters, Harzfeld's, Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney, Kaufmann's, Jordan Marsh, Rich's, Hutzler's and G. Fox.



The world's most-wanted car—the season's most-wanted look

The Thunderbird: Pride of your life—the car everyone would love to own! Sleekly beautiful! Spirited as ever! Yet distinctly new! Classic lines refined to a new perfection. Performance honed to razor sharpness. It's America's most-noticed car . . . most wanted car for soaring into the night.

The silk brocade P.M. suit—powered by line. Deceptively simple lines that capture the Thunderbird spirit—the Thunderbird glamour . . . the uncontrived look American women love. By David Crystal.



Sunliner Convertible: Note its rakish instrument panel! Its moon-loving (and sun-loving) beauty! Its beautiful new proportions! It's a perfect setting for the new brocade 3-part suits—one converted here to a new degree of formality. Top up, the luxurious Sunliner is warm and snug for crisp, snowflaky nights.

"Fords of Fashion" P.M. suits (priced about $100) at Bergdorf Goodman, Neiman-Marcus, I. Magnin, The J. L. Hudson Company, Julius Garfinckel, Bramson, Neusteters, Harzfeld's, Miller and Rhoads, and Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney. For other fine stores, see page 32.

Lingerie of **Agilon**® *textured nylon styled by* **Rogers!** Agilon nylon tricot is a rich, new lingerie fabric, porous, absorbent, of unbelievable softness, cream puff lightness and a remarkable opacity that shutters all shadows even when your dress is gossamer sheer! Rogers chooses it for this lissom three-piece ensemble: lace-over-Agilon bodice with rose décolletage of re-embroidered imported lace, tapered pants, wraparound overskirt (part of an enchanting group featuring the rose motif). White with Paris pink or Ariel blue. 32 to 38. $69.95. Tailored Woman, New York • Julius Garfinckel, Washington, D.C. • Himelhoch's, Detroit • Jonasson's, Pittsburgh and other fine stores. Rogers Lingerie, 500 5th Ave., N.Y.

LUXURY



Photos—Paul Himmel

Woman's suit by Handmacher Man's suit by Baker Clothes Car—Vauxhall Estate Wagon

JOHN WANAMAKER PRESENTS BRITISH CLASSICS ON U.S. LINES



1.



2.



3.

BRITISH NEWS AT John Kaynard **U.S.A.**

BRITISH CLASSICS . . . FOR THE AMERICAN MAN

Indomitably British—VIYELLA® and the superb way it's handled here. Only the British weave 'Viyella,' the genius blending of wool and cotton that washes and wears with such British determination.

1. MAC CLUER cuts this dashing BLAZONAIR with unpadded shoulders and a smart gold bullion emblem.

2. A classic rendition of an authentic Tartan (one of a variety available) by STATE-O-MAINE, a handsome wrap robe with shawl collar.

3. HATHAWAY cuts just the shirt to wear tramping through the moors or a Pennsylvania woodland.



1.



2.



BRITISH CLASSICS . . .

—a smart way for a smart man to dress anywhere, from Trafalgar Square to Rittenhouse Square

1. A smashing coat on either side of the ocean . . . "SADDLE CLOTH," a rare and luxurious cashmere woven by J. & J. Crombie in Scotland, and meticulously hand-tailored by CHATFIELD CLOTHES.

2. Classically styled Weatherproof characterized by the matchless flair of BURBERRY.

3. Very Savile Row, the Regent suit tailored by BAKER CLOTHES in BALLANTYNE OF PEEBLES* cashmere with a smart lean body, narrow lapels and a new short length to the jacket. In "Antiqua," a patina of greens on brown.

*52% cashmere, 48% worsted from Scotland

BRITISH
NEWS AT
John Wanamaker
U.S.A.



BRITISH CLASSICS . . . AFOOT

REDLEAF SHOES made especially for JOHN WANAMAKER'S LONDON SHOP by England's more famed makers

1. The HUTTON Playboy—sports shoe for the U.S. countryside, all weather. Havana brown or black with cushion crêpe sole. $19.95
2. C. W. HORRELL LTD.—calf town shoe, leather lined, in black or tan with a hand-antiqued finish. Cushion wedge heels. $13.95
3. A black calf wing tip oxford made especially for our London Shop by CROCKETT & JONES LTD. $20.95
4. A shoe with soles famed for lightness and long wear called "Leichfubig." WILLIAM TIMPSON LTD. styles it in French cordovan. $14.95

BRITISH
NEWS AT
U.S.A.



YARDLEY . . . the essence of good British grooming for the man who won't settle for average

Yardley products for America are created in England and finished in the U.S.A. from the original English formulae, combining imported and domestic ingredients. Yardley of London, 630 5th Ave., New York City

BRITISH NEWS AT John Hanrahan's U.S.A.

1. A KENT OF LONDON club brush for the man who enjoys a stiff, natural bristle. Fine satinwood back. $9.50. Woman's version in oval shape. $10.50.

2. Ribbed wool hose knit in England by BYFORD with the British insistence on long wear and neat fit. Choice of nine colours.

3. Well-dressed men the world over wear suits by H. FREEMAN & SON, tailors of the perfect natural shoulder, of Butterworth's worsted from Scotland.

4. BONSOIR tailors our REDLEAF pajamas of finest English cotton broadcloth with dashing piped trim.

5. A name synonymous with fine things from England . . . WEDGWOOD creamy white Queen's ware in the "Edme" pattern with a classic fluted rim.

6. PINKHAM gloves fashioned of luxury Sea Island cotton, Silicone-treated to resist water and stains —stay fresh longer.

7. The aristocrat of shirts, impeccably tailored in fine imported English white cotton broadcloth, silky and long wearing by EMBASSY SHIRTMAKERS.



BRITISH
NEWS AT
John Meyer of
U.S.A.



Tweed takes to the city (London, Philadelphia, etc.): here, a smart black and white suit tailored by HANDMACHER, making fashion news with its long fitted jacket, open squared collar.

As right for Devon, Pa., as for Devon, England: BARDLEY's year-round, go-everywhere casual suit and accompanying coat—in soft, muted Scottish tweeds.



BRITISH CLASSICS . . .
FOR THE AMERICAN WOMAN

BRITISH BREVITTS—handsome shoes, at home everywhere—from Albert Hall to Independence Hall. Import collection: from flats to stacked mid-heels, $16.95 to $19.95. Top to bottom: Albion, Crieff, Carlyle, Tate, Burwood.



Man's coat—Chatfield Clothes Woman's coat—Bardley

BRITISH
NEWS AT
John Hancock
U.S.A.

smart Americans welcome the VAUXHALL wagon

Truly, the smartest station wagon ever to put into port. Distinctively British with all the conveniences and roominess that busy Americans demand.

And its economy will come as a pleasant surprise when you see how far you go between petrol stops. Good show! See it at your Pontiac dealer's.

Made in England by General Motors

VAUXHALL



British inwardly... **American** outwardly... **RODEX** totally!

History goes into the making of your coat when you wear a Rodex.

For literally centuries of tailoring stand back of the British tailors of today. The value of this tradition is that it teaches taking pains.

Your Rodex is formed to fit you by Britons, who take the trouble to make every detail perfect. Stitching, basting, felling . . . even the buttonholes show their pride in their work.

And they bestow the skill of their guild, naturally, only on the finest British Woollens you can put on your back.

Coat on left about $155. Coat on right about $125.
At these and other fine stores.

New York—Lord & Taylor, Chicago—Marshall Field, Seattle —Frederick & Nelson, San Francisco—H. Liebes.

W.O. Peake, Ltd., 452 Fifth Ave., New York · London

Shirt dressing: dinner-in form

The idea here: an outdoors-brought-indoors form of décor for evenings spent at home, in the company of guests or a good book. The rose velveteen shirt is cut like a silk one. The long black wool skirt is pleated softly and slimmingly on the day-skirt principle. Particular points of news, too: a marked waistline, emphatic jewelling, hair put on top of the situation softly. Shirt by Anne Fogarty, about $18. These, red satin belt, and burgundy Laguna necklaces: Saks Fifth Avenue. Shirt, also at Harzfeld's; Neiman-Marcus.







Anne Fogarty

Casual Distinction

Continental linen with hand-stained leather, about $30.

A Signed Original

Lord & Taylor, Neiman-Marcus and authorized dealers

DRESS ON FACING PAGE:

3 to 6X about 8.00
7 to 14 about 9.00

Available at these nice stores listed, or write

Jack Borgenicht
1333 Broadway
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Albuquerque, N. M. ..... Hubbard's
Ashtabula, Ohio ..... Carlisle Allen
Belleville, Ill. ..... Fellner's
Binghamton, N. Y. ..... Fowler, Dick & Walker
Birmingham, Ala. ..... Loveman, Joseph & Loeb
Bloomington, Ind. ..... Neumode
Cambridge, Ohio ..... Davis Co.
Chambersburg, Pa. ..... Youth Center
Champaign, Ill. ..... Robeson's
Chicago, Ill. ..... Wee Moderns
Cleveland, Ohio ..... Wm. Taylor
Colorado Springs, Col. ..... Kaufman's
Columbus, Ohio ..... Khouries
Corpus Christi, Tex. ..... Lichtenstein's
Cortland, N. Y. ..... Brother & Sister
Danbury, Conn. ..... John McLean
Danville, Ill. ..... The Fashion
Decatur, Ill. ..... Young America
Denver, Col. ..... The May Co.
Dover, Ohio ..... Schwartz
Easton, Pa. ..... Orr's
Elkhart, Ind. ..... Zeisel
Elizabeth, N. J. ..... R. J. Goerke
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Fremont, Ohio ..... Joseph's
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Hanover, Pa. ..... Baker's
Hartford, Conn. ..... G. Fox
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Lancaster, Pa. ..... M. T. Garver
Lawrence, Mass. ..... A. B. Sutherland
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Mansfield, Ohio ..... H. L. Reed
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Middletown, N. Y. ..... Tompkins Dry Goods
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Plainfield, N. J. ..... Fred Lippert
Portland, Maine ..... Owen Moore
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Providence, R. I. ..... Cherry & Webb
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San Francisco, Cal. ..... Roos-Atkins
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Warren, Ohio ..... Carlisle Allen
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Clyde Grant designs for Jack Borgenicht in 65% "Dacron"* and 35% cotton . . . This holiday bonbon is buttoned and bowed to perfection, is doubly blessed by being automatic wash-and-wear. It goes from washer to dryer to wearer in just as many steps . . . and even touch-up ironing is a rare occasion indeed. In light blue or maize. Sizes 3-6x, about $8; 7-14, about $9. At Jordan Marsh Company, Boston; Marshall Field, Chicago; Bonwit Teller, New York; Strawbridge & Clothier, Philadelphia; Famous-Barr Co., St. Louis; ZCMI, Salt Lake City. See opposite page for additional stores.

Better Things for Better Living . . . *through Chemistry*

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Enjoy "The Du Pont Show With June Allyson", Monday nights—10:30 p. m., E. D. T.—on CBS-TV

*"Dacron" is Du Pont's registered trademark for its polyester fiber. Du Pont makes fibers, does not make the fabric or fashion shown here. Shoes of Du Pont nylon velvet by Alexis.



The luxury look that whispers good taste is exclusively yours in new Callaway Townhouse. So elegant, so beautiful, so fashion-right. See it now . . . for beauty's sake!

Callaway Towels

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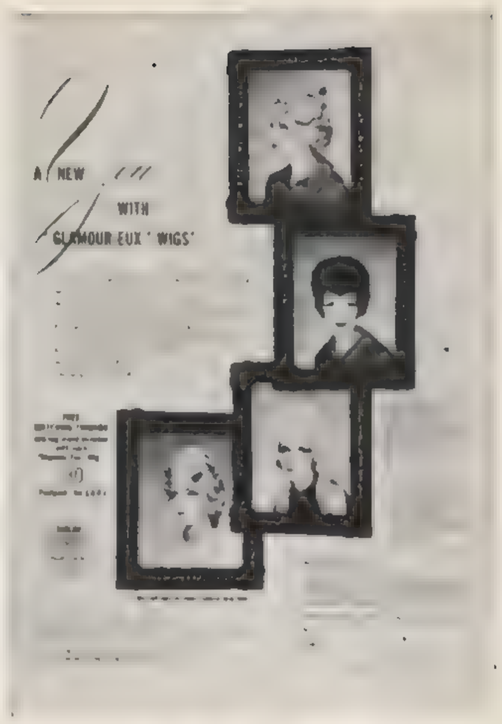
NOW AVAILABLE AT

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DETROIT,
MICH



New sides to the shirt-and-skirt life

Previewing the casual-clothes dossier on pages 108 to 119, the separates data above. Black bulky sweater, belted under a two-sided wraparound skirt—red, black and white checks showing here; straight blaze of red inside. Wool sweater, by Jane Irwill; about $12. Reversible skirt, by Sloat, of Anglo wool, about $40. These, and the leather belt: Bonwit Teller. Sweater and skirt, also at Joseph Magnin. The ribbed country stockings: Belle-Sharmeer.



A NEW YOU
with "Glamour-Eux" Wigs*

Sold, expertly fitted and beautifully styled, at all of the following LA MARICK Beauty Salons, *South's largest and leading beauty system:*

La Marick® BEAUTY SALONS

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ST. PETERSBURG Wm. Henry, Central Plaza Shopping Center
TAMPA.....Belk-Lindsey, Henderson Blvd.
W. PALM BEACH.....Belk's, Clematis St.

GEORGIA
AUGUSTA .....Belk's
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ELBERTON .....Gallant-Belk
GAINESVILLE Gallant-Belk
MACON Belk-Matthews
SAVANNAH Belk-Griffeth
SAVANNAH Belk-Griffeth, Cross Roads Shopping Center

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CONCORD .....Belk's
DURHAM .....Belk-Leggett
GREENSBORO.....Belk's, Friendly Shopping Center
GREENSBORO .....Belk's
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KANNAPOLIS .....Belk's
MONROE .....Belk's
RALEIGH .....Hudson-Belk
SALISBURY .....Belk's
SHELBY ..... Eugene Beauty Shoppe
WILMINGTON ..... Belk-Beery

SOUTH CAROLINA
ANDERSON ..... Gallant-Belk
COLUMBIA ..... Belk's
GREENVILLE ..... Belk-Simpson
SPARTANBURG ....Belk-Hudson

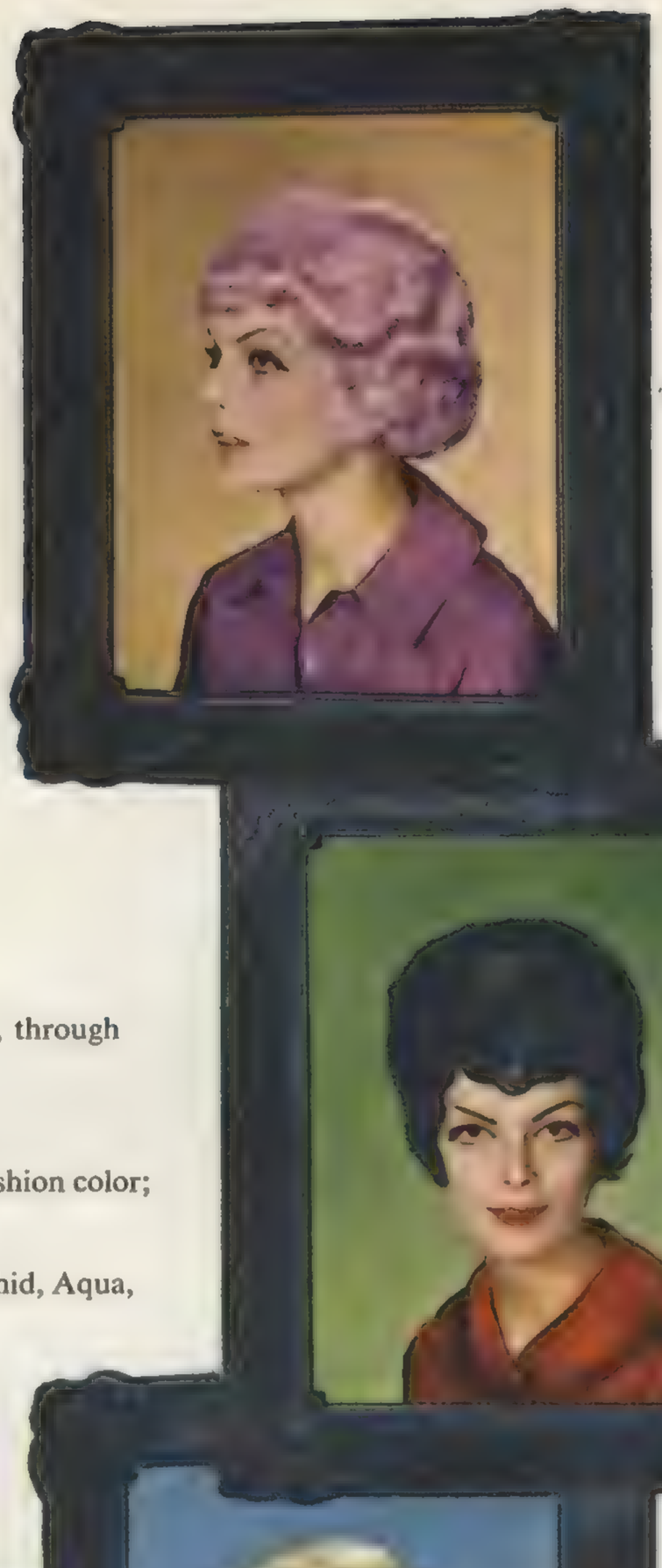
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A NEW *You* WITH "GLAMOUR-EUX" WIGS*



All year long, from Fall festivities to the resort whirl, through Spring and into sun-filled Summer,
there's a "Glamour-Eux Wig" for every occasion,
for every mood—with the magic palette of every hair fashion color;
Platinum, Light Blonde, Medium Blonde, Blonde,
Tosca, Auburn, Light Brown, Dark Brown, Black, Orchid, Aqua,
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FREE
MATCHING CHIGNON
and wig stand included with each "Glamour-Eux" Wig.*

$30

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"GLAMOUR-EUX WIGS*, made of DARLON have an elasticized, ventilated, patented* more durable foundation which assures a natural, light-weight fit. They can be styled, shampooed and restyled BY YOUR FAVORITE BEAUTY SALON.

*U. S. Patent 2789567

If not available at your favorite beauty salon, use coupon below to order the Glamour-Eux Wig semi-styled, ready for your salon to personalize any of the exclusive coiffures created by Enrico Caruso of New York as shown here; or any other style.

DARLON*
AN EXCLUSIVE BLEND OF DYNEL, SARAN & DU PONT NYLON
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Please send me a "Glamour-Eux Wig" at $30, with FREE Chignon to match and Wig Stand. Send the following natural or pastel color or match as closely as possible the attached color sample:

Specify Head Size: Small ☐ Medium ☐ Large ☐

Name .....

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Keep the fashion you buy with Sanitone Dry Cleaning...

When you choose your dry cleaner with the same care you choose your autumn wardrobe, you can be sure your garments will stay fashion fresh . . . cleaning after cleaning. Colors sparkle, patterns revive, precious fabrics stay new looking longer. Your Sanitone Dry Cleaner can be the best friend your clothes ever had. Look him up in the yellow pages of your phone book.

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Dress by Jonathan Logan



Musique...brilliantly beaded

new Crescendoe emphasizes the importance

of the longer glove. Try it on and

see how dramatically beautiful your

hands can look. Leather-tailored of Wonder-fabric,

it's six dollars at fine stores.

Crescendoe gloves

LOOK FOR CRESCENDOES AT YOUR FAVORITE GLOVE COUNTER OR WRITE CRESCENDOE GLOVES, JOHNSTOWN, N. Y

© COTY INC., 1959

PHOTOGRAPHED IN FRANCE BY HELBURN

A reckless rose on a midnight spree
and oh—what a color it turns out to be!

Coty dares to bring the color back to your lips—the color that could not have been created until *you* were ready for it! FRENCH FLING! Coty's new, lively, lovely, rosy beauty—a *ravishing* rose, a *reckless* rose, the richest blush a rose can reach to put your lips in a rose-colored daze. No one but Coty has this wonderfully rare, this handle-with-care rose. It does such dangerously beautiful things to you! So don't wait! Away with the humdrum! Away with the usual thing! Have a FRENCH FLING.

COTY...THE ESSENCE OF BEAUTY THAT IS FRANCE

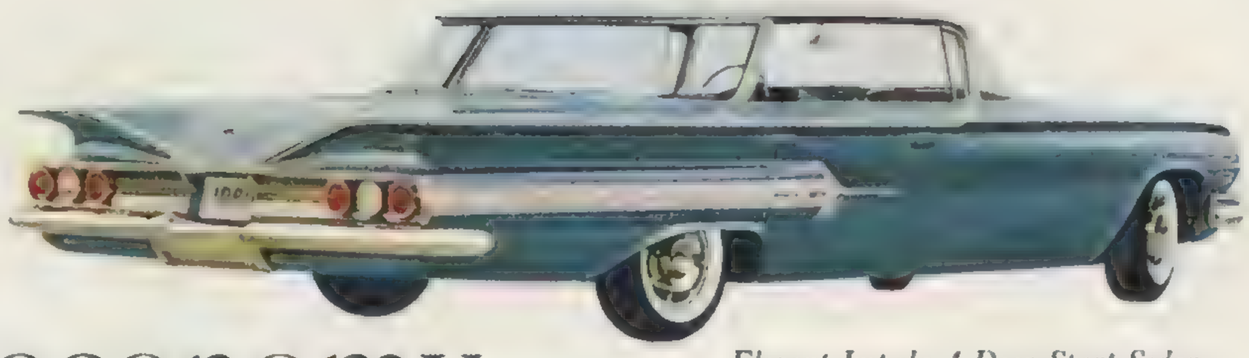


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for the
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anywhere–
elegance with economy



Elegant Impala 4-Door Sport Sedan.

Here's new gem-bright beauty, new room to sprawl in and sit tall in. New lean-muscled engine economy, new spirit and silence in its going. For fineness of features, for precise craftsmanship—for all the things that make a car good to own—the '60 Chevrolet stands alone in its price field.

Just wait till you see it. Everything about the '60 Chevy, every styling accent, every engineering detail, has been polished and refined to a degree of perfection never before thought possible of a car in Chevrolet's price class.

Picture practicality and economy (there's even more of it in a new gas-saving V8!) combined with much of the luxury and hushed comfort usually associated with high-priced automobiles. That's Chevy for '60. Its overall effect is one of quiet elegance, a sophisticated new shape that embodies spacious inner dimensions. Space for long legs and broad shoulders, with sofa-wide seats and even more foot room for front seat passengers. Space that specializes in family travel!

Really you have to see this one up close to appreciate its fresh beauty and fine Body by Fisher workmanship. You have to take a turn behind the wheel to know its astonishing smoothness and almost total absence of road hum and vibration. We'll admit our enthusiasm's showing more than just a little bit—but once you've dropped into your dealer's we're sure yours will be, too. *There's nothing like a new car—and there's never been a new car like this '60 Chevrolet!* . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

SUPERLATIVE



Impala Sport Coupe—one of 16 fresh-minted '60 Chevrolets you can choose from.

'60 CHEVROLET

NEAREST TO PERFECTION A LOW-PRICED CAR EVER CAME!



A prediction by Lady Hathaway—

You will still be wearing this Viyella shirt in 1964

THE CHARM of this Lady Hathaway classic is that no beautiful nonsense from Paris can ever put it out of style.

Furthermore, it will *wear* for years because it is made of English Viyella.

Viyella is a heavenly mixture of lamb's wool and long-staple cotton. Light as a phantom. Soft as a cloud. It never shrinks, fades or mats. Many people swear that the more you wash it, the softer it feels.

No wonder our cutters handle Viyella with so much love. They insist, for example, that pattern-matching should be flawless. *Puzzle:* find the pocket. Our cutters further decree that a woman's shirt must look like a woman's shirt. Bosoms should be bosoms. Shoulders should be soft.

Lady Hathaway makes Viyella shirts in a variety of prints, tartans, and solid colors. You will find the Viyella label on every one of them. It protects you from being bamboozled by imitations that *sound* like Viyella—but aren't.

The medallion print shown is in Chinese lacquer red. It costs about $17. For store names, write to C. F. Hathaway, Waterville, Maine. Or call OXford 7-5566 in New York.



DYNASTY... exotic jade... beautiful as only jade is... and you'd never guess it isn't real! Perfectly mated with our fabled, oriental-looking simulated pearls. Necklace, $10. Pin, $5. All prices plus federal tax. At fine stores everywhere or write: Marvella, 383 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N.Y.



MIRROR, MIRROR ON THE WALL . . .

Is my smile the brightest of them all?

Of course it is, when you use ORAL B. This different brush insures the beauty of your smile. Specially designed smooth-top fibers give gentle gum massage each time you brush your teeth. The two actions of ORAL B—protective massage and thorough cleansing—provide all-around mouth care. Try ORAL B. See how pleasant it feels!

Oral B in delightful, translucent colors, too



1 texture
2 actions
3 sizes

Does what a toothbrush ought to do!

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The ravening energy of Tokyo

BY DEREK PROUSE

The plane bumps its way low over Tokyo Bay streaked with the neat lines of the seaweed traps and their attendant boats like wicker grasshoppers. You land, and drive through Tokyo sprawling like a vast shanty town for miles of disorderly suburbs.

But before long you are gripped by the ravening energy of the town. Taxis dart and hurtle through the pitted streets, and are not for nothing known as suicide cars. English signs in the city's inner ring—"Safety Zone" and "Slippery"—do nothing to check the drivers' frenzy as they roar past the illuminated signs announcing the number of dead and injured of the day before. The heart seems reluctant to leave the mouth and a scurrying London or New York life, in retrospect, seems like a gentle lazy dream.

But one soon learns that Japan—and the Japanese—is made up of dramatic contrasts. From the chaos of the streets one steps into the elegant polished ceremony of the restaurants with their labyrinths of private rooms. Instantly, the steaming twisted towels are brought to cleanse the dust of the town from one's hands and face, and delicious food is served with bewitching artistry: in the soup bowl a black mushroom lies coiled with a tender young fern, and the slivers of soft raw fish arranged in pale rosettes and decorated with wild orchids or violet thyme are succulent and seafresh. Everywhere, a fine disregard for accurate Western expression—the beautifully inscribed signs on two doors in a fashionable restaurant run: "Ladies" and "Gentles."

"From here on a clear day you can see Mount Fuji" is the constant promise. The day is clear, but from the heights flanking Kamakura or the roofs of Tokyo's higher buildings one strains one's eyes in vain, and refrains from flippant comment. The sacred mountain is held in great esteem—as Americans found to their cost when they planned to install a shooting range on its flanks and were forced to defer to the outraged indignation they unleashed.

I ask to see some of the famous bars. One is hardly seated before the pretty hostesses slip to one's side and hover there with gentle force. "Foreigners often mistake their intentions," I am told and am not surprised. Attendance is danced, and the sake cup, mysteriously forever full, soon changes the world into a sea of smiling teeth and pliant submissive hands.

Akira Kurosawa, director of the Japanese films, *Rashomon* and *The Magnificent Seven*, is with us. Behind his composed and friendly smile there is a dignified restraint which keeps the eager hostess at a distance and, sensing this, she bursts into defeated tears. In the raffish back streets behind the Shimbashi geisha district, life teems. The lanterns glitter, and from behind every hanging strip of cloth issues a pressing invitation to linger; tipsy Teddy-boys throng round the sea food stalls; street musicians wander by, absently twanging their *shamisens*. Emotions lie close to the surface; a thin skin of control stretching tightly over dangerous energy.

In one of the tiny bars in Shinjuku (five people can just crowd in) a musician is playing. As we enter, the single customer, a drunken old man, starts a plaintive song, but stops and bursts into bitter tears as he sees us. "I killed people in the war," he sobs, "I can never forget it. My own son died. Don't mind me—I'm just waiting to die." The proprietress, black-toothed and genial, jammed behind her little counter, roughly comforts him. "I'll dance to cheer you up," she says, and does so in the cramped space. Suddenly she snatches her own *shamisen* from an alcove and sings an old folk song with startling accomplishment, spanning the long quavering phrases with easy control.

The old man stops his tears, looks at her with comic amazement and performs a derisive parody of her for our benefit, contorting his body and face in elaborate femininity after the manner of the Kabuki female impersonators. The little bar shakes to the tumult, and one suddenly understands the popular nature of the Kabuki conventions as a mirror and purge of contemporary feelings.

The searching test of the true Japanophile comes with his introduction to Japanese hotels where a surrender of so many Western values is called for, and a single day's acquaintance may send the timid adventurer scampering back to the Western-style hotel he had so scornfully deserted. Good service implies the end of all privacy. With no preliminary knocking—it is hard to knock on paper—the pretty door is forever sliding back to admit tea, or rice in seaweed, or simply someone to put on your kimono, or to take it off if it happens to be already on.

The simplest operation entails a baffling assortment of shoes which never fail to be found at their appointed places: slippers, outside your room, in which you shuffle down the corridor only to abandon them in favour of another pair which lurks just inside the bathroom; wooden clogs called *getas* at the window should you wish to step out into the garden, and, on leaving the hotel, the pair of shoes which you have privately decided to wear in the street, mysteriously pre-selected on the stone step waiting to be exchanged for your indoor slippers. A moment's inattention may catch you poised like a guilty stork halfway down the stairs, red with realization that you are about to expose yourself to a grinning servant in the wrong shoes which have probably wrought havoc with the immaculate *tatami* floor.

For men, dishonour may also lurk in the bathroom itself where an amiable crone may erupt without warning, and, undeterred by your shy nakedness, question you in eloquent pantomime on the manner in which you intend to bathe. A flicker of indecision will expose you to an over-all soaping and a rinsing under the cold tap before, scrubbed and shivering, you are beckoned to take your place in a deep vat of boiling water which no soap may sully. A tentative toe assures you that it is scalding and, praying for death, you stand faced with the dilemma of whether to shiver there until three feet of water has sufficiently cooled or to slink back visibly unboiled to your room.

Fear of the bath can impose a salutary discipline on those who like myself tend to leave unposted letters or essential documents behind. To return to the

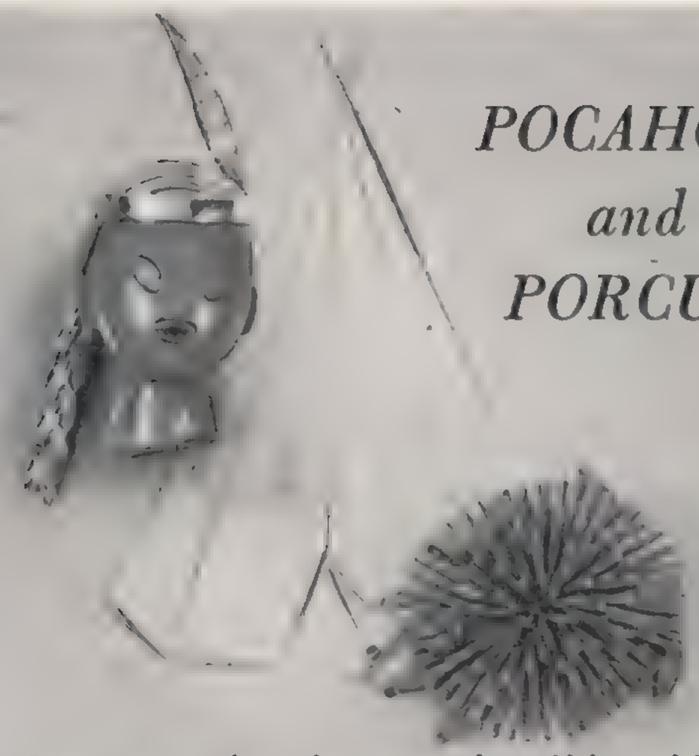
(Continued on page 54)

this leg wears an ordinary stocking

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actual photograph



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THE RAVENING ENERGY OF TOKYO

(Continued from page 53)

hotel, even half an hour later, is to run the whole ceremonious gamut of welcome once more, in which, I need hardly say, the bath is not overlooked.

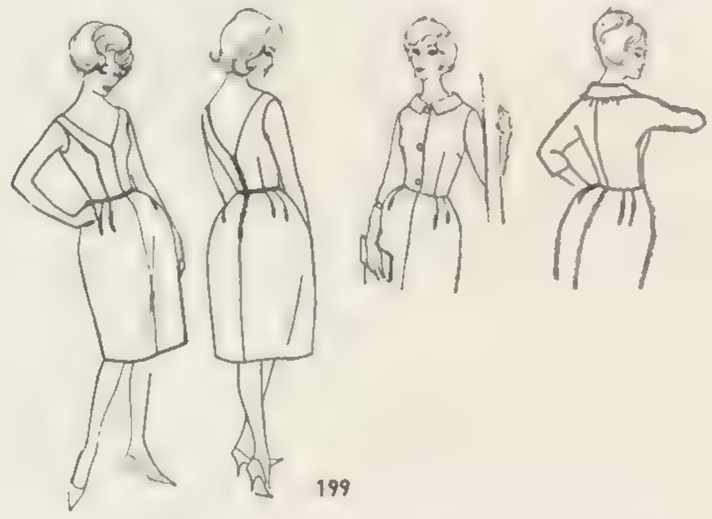
Most Japanese entertain their friends in restaurants; the privacy of the home is strictly guarded. But if one is invited there, unparalleled kindness and hospitality are the rule. One feels one has no adequate vocabulary of thanks as small gifts fall like rain, and the slightest sign of pleasure on the part of the guest evokes rapt delight. Exquisitely wrapped packages may conceal anything from a painted toothpick to a piece of porcelain which one feels guiltily certain has been in the family for centuries.

At such times one senses the unchanging heart of Japan; the apparently enthusiastic acceptance of American or European manners, clothing, or outlook find no echo at the still centre. Japan remains a land of violence and deep serenity, of beguiling refinements and coarse excesses. Even nature plays the same double game: in the country, the stillness of the temple gardens, the crests of fine pines and the slopes of feathery bamboo falling to foaming cherry blossom in the valleys are hard to reconcile with the ferocity of summer monsoon, violent autumn typhoons and regular earth tremors.

And from the train to ancient Kyoto—there at last is Fuji, rising white-topped and immaculate from a frill of mist. The black pines of the Tokyo region give place to the red trunks of the southwest. Here the cherry blossom is already fluttering in pale clouds to the ground. For the Japanese it is also a symbol—after its week of life, a gentle, happy surrender to its destiny—and they admire it as much for this as for its brief glory.

VOGUE PATTERNS

(Other views, sizes, yardages of the Patterns shown on pages 122-123)



Above: Vogue Pattern 199. Dress and jacket in sizes 10 to 18. For size 14 you'll need 3 yards of a 58" fabric with nap. Price $2. Pattern on sale after Oct. 23.



Above, left: Vogue Pattern 9799. Jacket in sizes 10 to 18. For size 14, use 1⅝ yards of 62" fabric with nap. Price: $.60.
Centre: Vogue Pattern 9485. "Easy to Make." Blouse in sizes 10 to 20. For size 14, use 2¼ yards of a 39" fabric. Price: $.60.
Right: Vogue Pattern 9722. Pleated skirt in sizes 24 to 28. For size 26, use 2½ yards of 62" fabric, with nap. Price: $.60.

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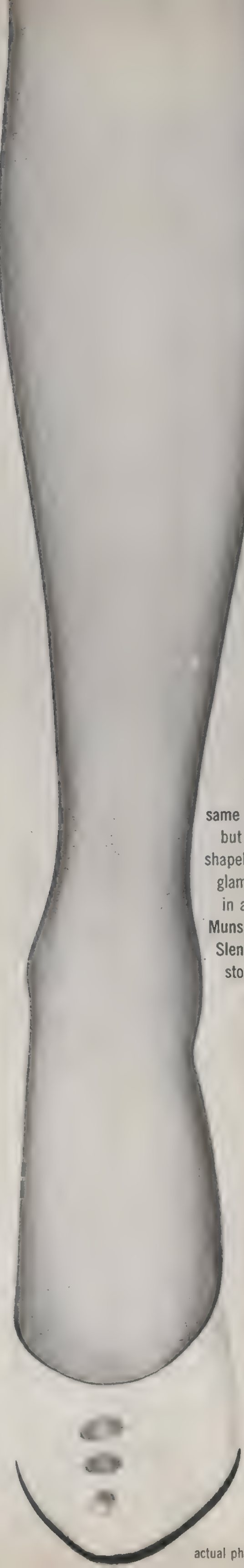
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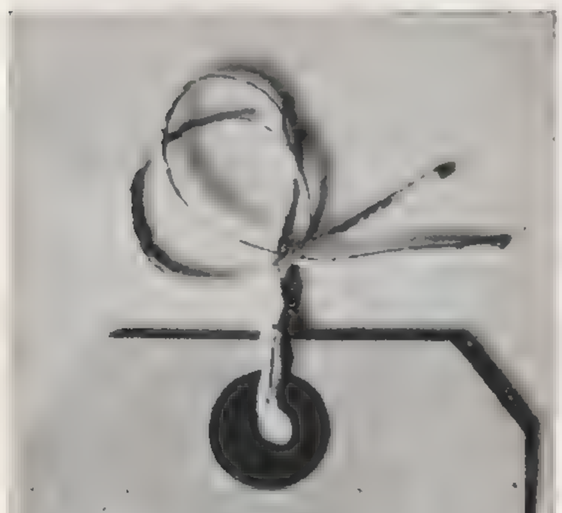
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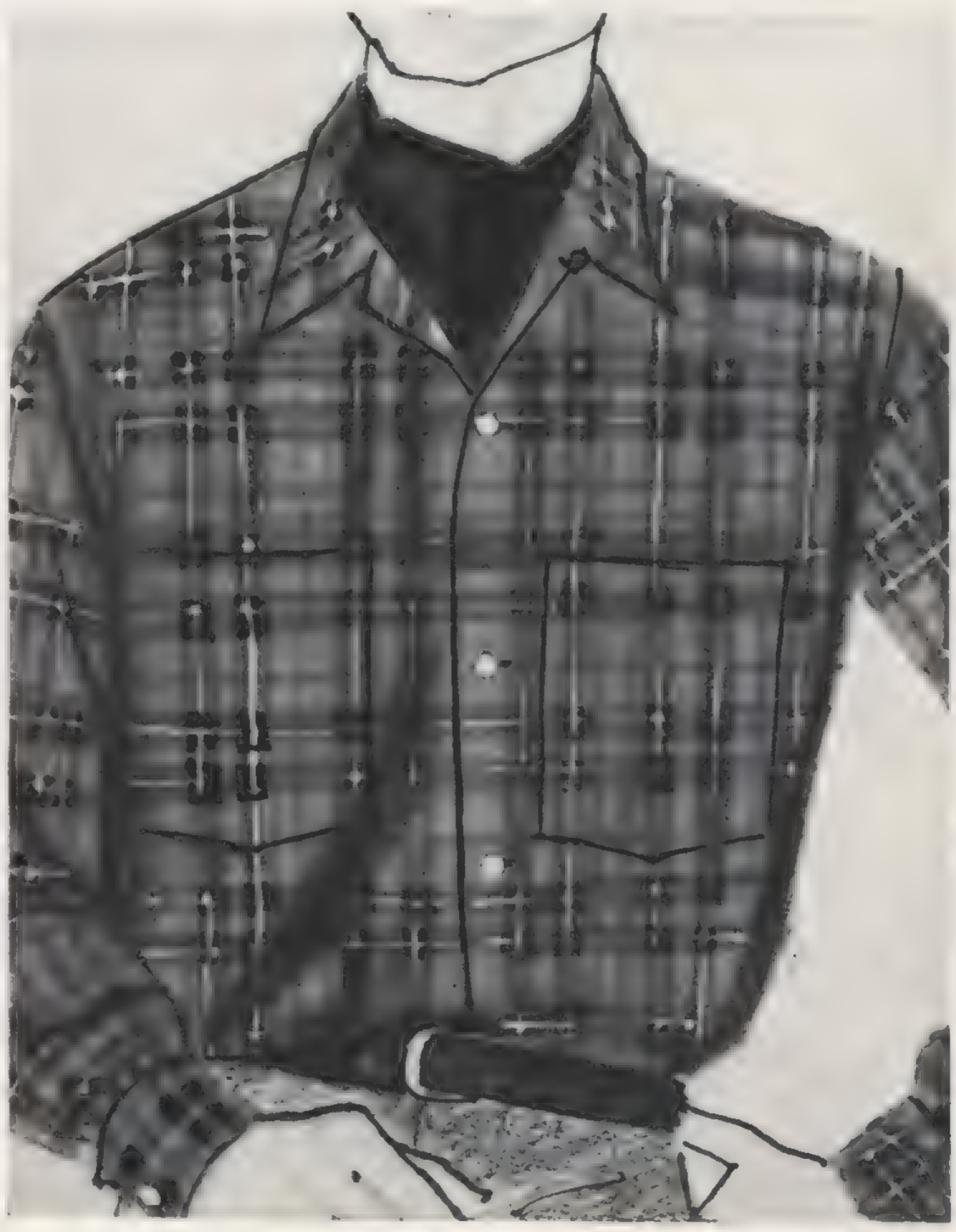
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Shirt news for men: bonded tartans



RAY PORTER

Plaid with an 800-year-old history reproduced here—stripe for stripe, colour for colour—in the shirt above. This, in one of twelve available ancient tartan patterns: olive green, black, white—handsome with slacks of covert, corduroy, grey flannel. Of Viyella, a blend of Australian lamb's-wool and cotton that's washable, has the warmth and ease of a light sweater. Shirt made by Hathaway; $19. Wanamaker's, Phila.

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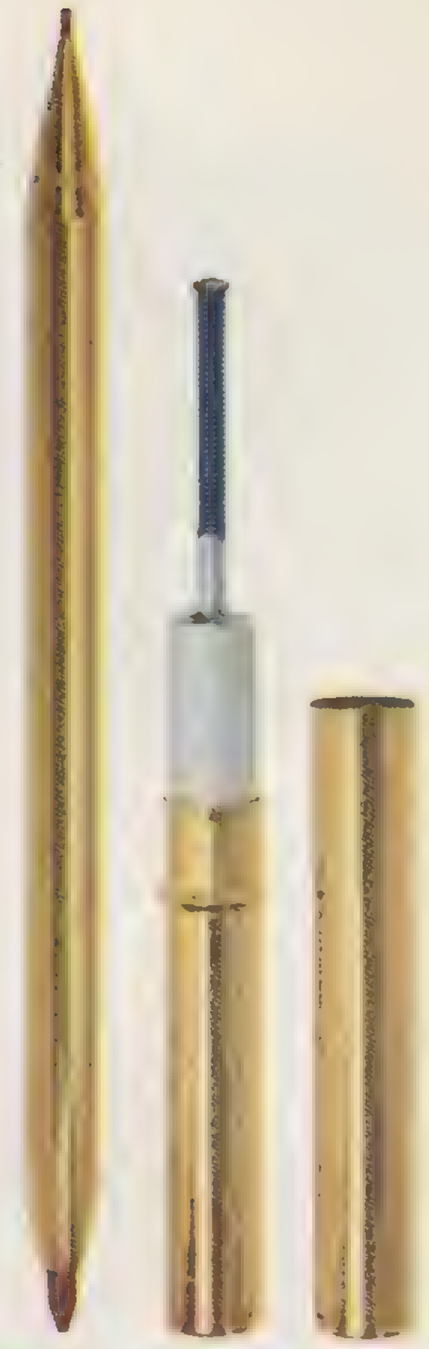
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A great new lipstick formula by Dorothy Gray, with an amazing moisture ingredient to keep lips softer, smoother, more tempting than ever! The exciting color goes on smoothly, never dries your lips or lets them chap; the creamy texture gives richer, higher gloss—yet never "feathers." Try this luscious Satura lipstick...today!

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Dorothy Gray



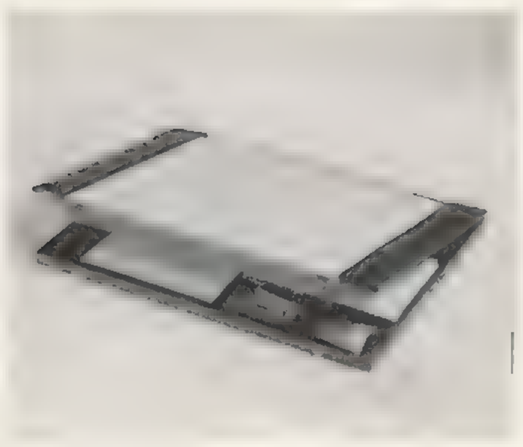
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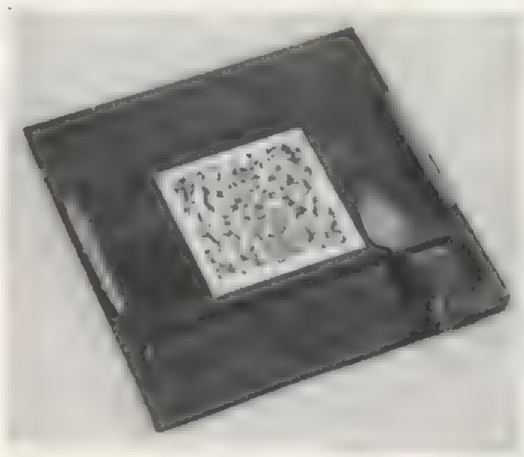
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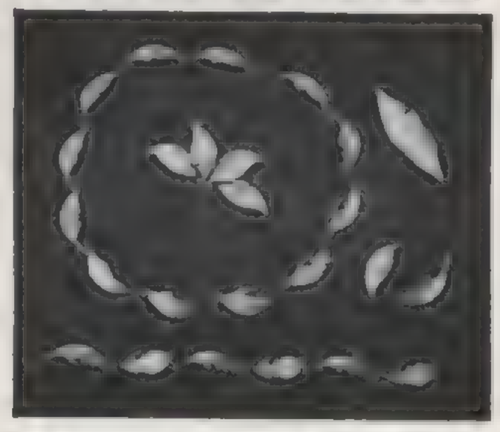


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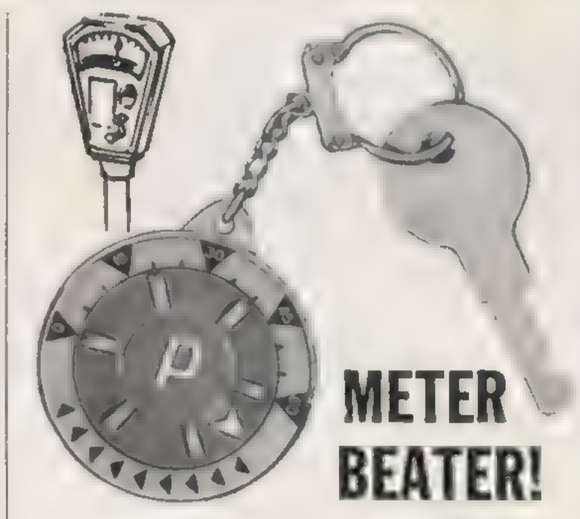
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SHOP



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Luxe on the spot. A tall African leopard handbag here with black calfskin lining, double handle, and gold-plated clasp. 12″ x 10½″. $82.50 inc. tax, ppd. Oce Leopard, 244 W. 39th St., N. Y. 18.



Cowl-collared cotton velours, specifications of this shift dress. Belted, or not, it's bound for winter with charm and ease. S, M, L. In brown, black, purple, cayenne, olive. $29.95. Tomas, 609 Madison Ave., N. Y. 22.

HOUND

. . . Noted for October



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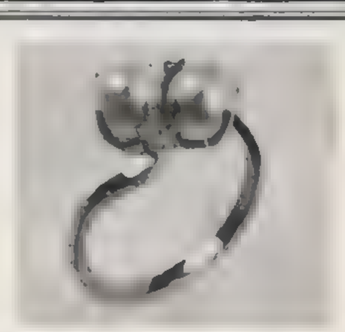
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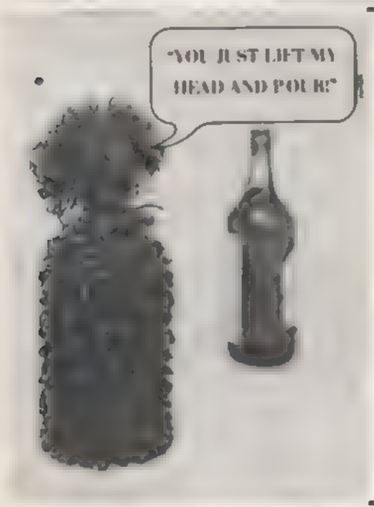
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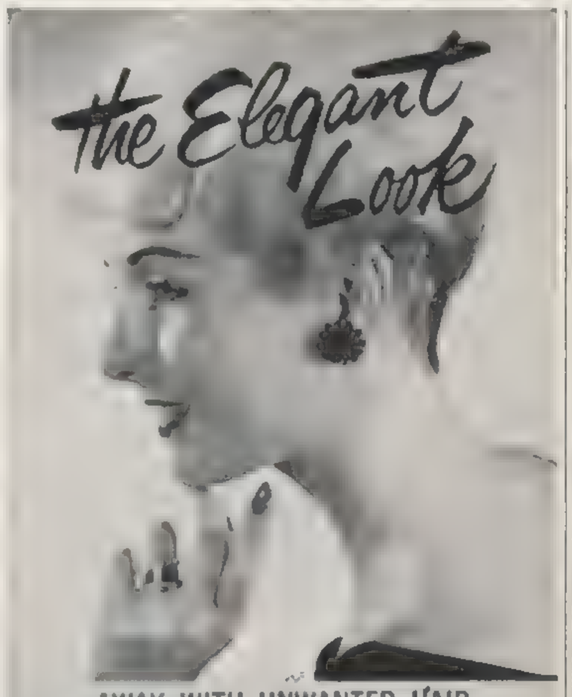
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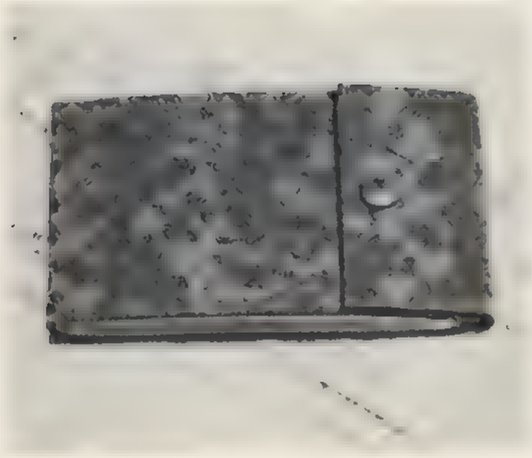
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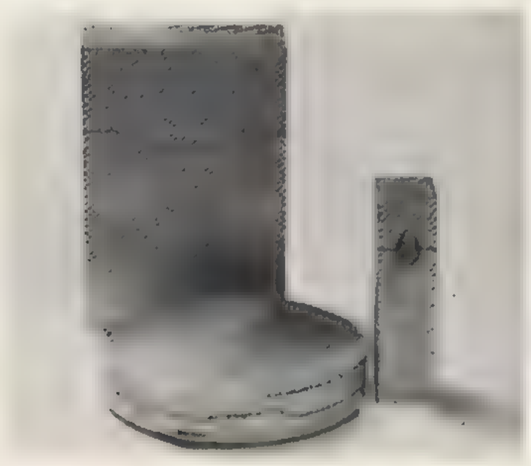
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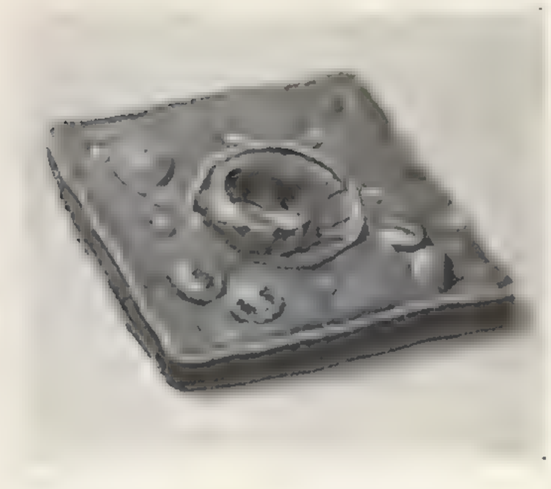
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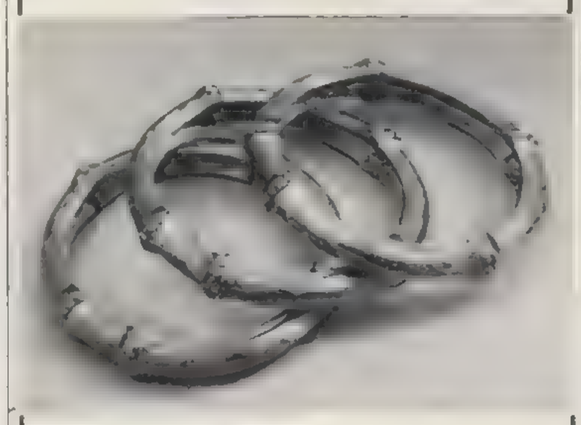


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VOGUE

OCTOBER 15, 1959



Vogue's-eye view of who wears a hat

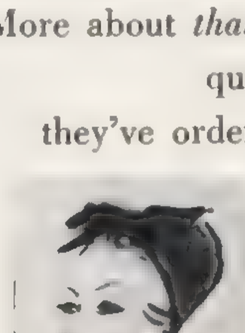
Who doesn't wear a hat, right now, is the woman who's deliberately bent on passing up one of the greatest outbreaks of fashion-enchantment to come out of Paris in years.

Same woman, probably, who in the presence of an overwhelming emerald exhibits no emotion at all.

Who does wear a hat? A well-documented group (their orders are already in) of the smartest women on three continents; women known for the sureness and sharpness of their fashion-sensitivity.

Why? Because they've twigged that this year the hat is not just a part, but often the *grand coup* of a costume—an integral, even essential component of the complete look.

(More about *that,* next page.) Meanwhile, here: quick sketches of some of the hats they've ordered—some, already being worn.



Left, large sketch: **Dior's puffball black taffeta turban.**

Next left: **Crownless brim of black taffeta swooshes, by Dior.**

Left, below: **Lanvin beret in the new stiff, round shape—back, way back, of the head.**



Near left: **Dior melusine turban, satin bow at front.**

Below it: **Paulette's toy hat of velvet—tiny, apple-stemmed, mostly veiling. All, to order at Bergdorf Goodman.**

The successes

Opening scenes, on these pages, leading into a new plan for success-dressing at night: the complete evening costume that wraps itself into one dazzling package. *Left:* Success spectacular—trench coat and sheath, both, shimmeringly, of gold brocade. By Junior Sophisticates, of silk and Avisco rayon with Metlon gilt threads (William Rose fabric). Coat, about $125; dress, about $60; at Bonwit Teller, Wanamaker's, Phila.; Hutzler's; I. Magnin. Men's dinner clothes by Baker: Wanamaker's. *Right:* Two successes, a self-sufficient evening suit, an elegant Ford—the Galaxie Town Victoria. The dress—for dinner or a big opening night—a long black wool sheath with its own oval coat edged in black-dyed fox. Costume by Philip Hulitar, of Blin & Blin wool broadcloth; Hattie Carnegie; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.

RAWLINGS



What spells success in the new after-six clothes

The premise of these pages is pleasure—the plain, unvarnished idea that what happens after six should be gay, exciting, attractive. And as practically any woman knows from the age when she is first old enough to be out after six, the way she looks can make or break an evening—because it's easier to be gay and hide a slightly breaking heart than it is to be gay and hide an uncoifed head and a boring dress. Boring is what the clothes on these twenty-two pages are not; they are the year's established successes—the Fords of fashion. At this moment in time, success depends on a complete look, one quick dazzling impression. Or, to put it literally, it begins with a costume, based perhaps on a suit—often now a brocade suit, on a dress and jacket, a coat and dress made for each other, even on a sensational coat that makes something special out of several underplayed dresses. Success means more than the costume, though; it means going on from there to the careful, interesting, planned relation of woman and costume to the side-issues—coiffure, jewels, hat, shoes. Although the clothes we show are American, the lesson of completeness is and always has been superbly illustrated by the French Collections; in a Paris look, even the height of a necklace, the glitter of a shoe are matters that call for a display of ingenuity, critical faculty, and charm. . . . In the American fashion picture, here are some specifics to consider in the same light, always, of course, in the light of evening: The silky brocades. Bourbon browns to wear instead of black; to wear because brown does things for some women that black will never do. More hats after dark—for instance the hat shown at the right. Bronze shoes. Shoes dyed exactly the colour of the dress or coat they're worn with. Jewels on the colossal, stupendous scale; new thinking about bogus and colourful stones. In fact, the success starter for the year might be a pair of enormous fake-gem earrings. Note: The crystal palace pleasure dome that makes the background for these pages is the work of Schliemann-Borgos.



Total success: the white costume

Opposite: Day-length sheath and tapering jacket of white silk matelassé, a completeness made more so by the evening hat—here, black satin. Costume by Talmack, in Abraham fabric; about $245. Saks Fifth Avenue; Frost Bros. Hat: Emme.

RUTLEDGE





The gleam of success

Left: Gleaming trench coat of green satin, to build a dress up to costume proportions. By Edward Abbott; silk-faced satin, rayon-backed; about $145 at Bendel's Young-Timers; Woodward & Lothrop; Joseph Magnin. *Right:* Taupe brocade suit, ringed with cuffs of natural Russian sable. By Jablow, in Sekers fabric of rayon with Lurex gilt threads. Bonwit Teller; Montaldo's; Hudson's. Cap by Emme. Nick Parker shoes.





Going successes: brocade, car

Opposite: Brocade in one of its most successful forms—a three-piece suit, its tailoring tipped to galaness by the fact of turquoise blue silkiness. Car success: a 1960 Ford Thunderbird that maintains a devil-with-the-ladies look; has a wide door, flat-folding front seat that allows for less than eel-limberness in back-seat passengers. Suit, by David Crystal, of William Rose fabric (silk-faced, rayon-backed); about $90; Bergdorf Goodman; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Hutzler's; Hudson's; Harzfeld's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Jewellery by Scaasi at Bergdorf Goodman. *Above:* Another brocade completeness—a black silk brocatelle coat, a sheath of the same fabric, with a white satin top. White continuance: a mink hat with a satin rose. Costume, at Bonwit Teller; Wanamaker's, Phila. Hat: Sally Victor.





The gala gold costume

Left: The new look of night brocade—a short dress and jacket of gold brocade, with jacket-lining and collar of brown natural Australian opossum. (Where this goes, galaness goes too.) By Samuel Winston; of gold thread, acetate, silk. (Bianchini fabric). Saks Fifth Avenue; Sakowitz. Cap: Emme. *Right:* Evening coat that could have materialized from a Florentine painting—brocade of brown and gold. The dress, black silk peau d'ange with full skirt. Both by Nettie Rosenstein. Saks Fifth Avenue; Dayton's; Harzfeld's. Little tiara hat at Saks Fifth Avenue.

RUTLEDGE



The coat that makes a costume

Below, left: Costume-making coat for any dress here—black wool ottoman, luxe-d by mink lining. By Monte-Sano & Pruzan (the mink-brown sides). Lord & Taylor; I. Magnin. Hat: Sally Victor. *Below, centre:* The kind of dress that costumes are made of—black silk brocade with leaf-cut neckline, full skirt. By Samuel Winston; about $245. Dress and circlet hat at Bonwit Teller. *Opposite:* Good insiding for any coat of costume calibre—a black silk faille dress with puffed skirt, figurine shape, narrow bared top. By Herbert Sondheim, in Maxwell silk; about $145. Dress, beaded hat, Vendôme necklace: Saks Fifth Avenue. Dress: Woodward & Lothrop; Dayton's. Both pages: Wear-Right gloves.



RUTLEDGE









Black–and new spice

Right: Completeness here with a twist—the spiced contradiction of a cinnamon-brown wool tweed evening coat, lined in black satin and worn with a dress of the same. Coat by George Carmel, in Anglo wool. Handbag by Nettie Rosenstein. Both at Bergdorf Goodman. Coat, also at Julius Garfinckel; Joseph Magnin. Dress, by Harvey Berin: Lord & Taylor. Jewellery from Harry Winston. Eye spice: Nutmeg liquid eye liner by Germaine Monteil. *Left:* Two successive parts of black silk brocade—slim sleeveless dress, jacket lined in white satin. Suit by Ben Zuckerman; at Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; Neiman-Marcus. The giant pin by Eisenberg. Black satin hat by Emme.





Left: The blaze here, candlelight coloured—a pale-blond brocade dress with narrow not-bare top, belled skirt. By Adele Simpson, in Couleur silk; about $160 at Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Halle Bros. Schreiner necklace. Hat of lavender tulle: Emme.

Banked blaze, two ways

Opposite: Night flare—a red dress that qualifies as one of the newest, unboring-est ways to appear at an evening party now. Silk-light wool crêpe, with a bare back, long bias skirt, a jacket that quiets the excitement for dinner or theatre. Fuel for the fire: new Flama Grande lipstick by Revlon to wear, glowingly, with bright reds—this, to start a brush fire of its own, provide a burning red for beauty.

Costume by Maurice Rentner, of Anglo fabric; this and Revlon's lipstick at Bergdorf Goodman; The Blum Store; Harzfeld's. The jewellery, here, by Schlumberger, of Tiffany. Shoes by Delman.





Paris jewels

Left: Balenciaga jewelling often slips on with the evening dress. In this dress, the famous high-cut jewel top is pale-blue glitter-embroidered tulle; the skirt, of silk satin with a slight train. Reproduction of the dress, and the lipstick (Revlon's Flama Grande): Bergdorf Goodman. Dress and lipstick: Julius Garfinckel; I. Magnin. Plume-y coiffure by Coiffures Americana. Gem-melon powder case, by Schlumberger of Tiffany.



Hervé Dubly

The Givenchy collection was studded with great false jewels. Many of the pins, like the two on this page, were heart-shaped, as big as small saucers, and worn in unexpected places on costumes for day and evening. Among the shining surprises: a jewelled hair brooch mounted on combs, with one of the new high-piled coiffures (see above). Hidden behind the brilliance of both dress- and hair-pins at Givenchy was a second brilliant stroke of design—the secret of lightness. All the pins feel like feathers in the hand (or on the hair or dress), are made of ersatz crystals in a new floating-feather weight.

HORST

Givenchy ideas in America now

This page: The idea—a voluminous coat, high-waisted in front, completely covering the dress beneath, worn often with a Givenchy topknot of fur, brocade, or velvet. The coat here, bright pink ottoman tied above the waistline, was shown in Paris over a soft black chiffon dress, might also be worn over white or almost any pale dress now and all through the winter—north or south. Coat, to order in America at Bergdorf Goodman.



Left: A black chiffon dress tying on one shoulder—demi-straplessness was a Givenchy collection hit—here, with a sliver of décolletage to the waist. $125. American copy: Lord & Taylor. *Above:* Another off-one-shoulder Givenchy dress has two bows, one on the shoulder, one waist-placed. The Givenchy original of green printed taffeta is copied here in black taffeta. By Mari, about $50. Bloomingdale's; Jordan Marsh; I. Magnin.





Success dresses–dressed by coat

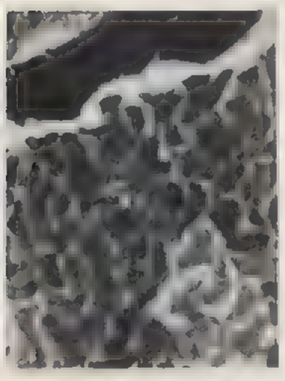
Left: Satin dress and mink-collared silk brocade coat pointing up the great fashion truth about red—its evening success is greatest when it's not done by halves. This-moment hat, a taupe top-knot with rose, from Lilly Daché. Anne Fogarty costume. Coat, about $200; dress, in rayon-backed silk-faced satin, about $60. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Neiman-Marcus. *Right:* Picture of the good things that happen when a coat can be expected to carry its share of the evening's fashion on its shoulders—the coat success in this case, brown silk satin lined with white satin, collared with natural dark ranch mink. The dress underneath has a white satin bodice, brown satin skirt, both sheathy. Costume by Larry Aldrich, of Couleur silk. Grandoe gloves. Both: Lord & Taylor. Costume: Hudson's; Frederick & Nelson. Emme satin hat.



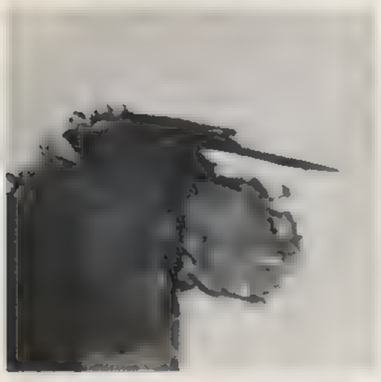
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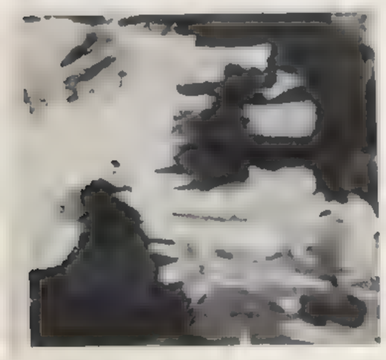
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8 NEW YORK PAINTERS

with international influence

Few American painters have more international effect than these men, part of a larger group of New York Abstract Expressionists, all with influence; each of them begat imitators in other countries. (The exceptions are in Communist countries where anecdotal paintings explaining the history, and showing the leaders, of Communism are the strict rule.) The enormous canvases of these eight men of fresh force are owned not only by many American museums and private collectors, but also by many Europeans and South Americans. In the last few months works by these eight have been on view at the São Paulo Bienal, the International Art Festival in Kassel, Germany, the Moscow Fair, the Palazzo Grassi in Venice, and in other foreign cities. To the art-interested international public, the influence of these painters is as recognizable as a George Washington by Gilbert Stuart.

Note: all the paintings, shown at the left, were exhibited first in eight European cities, then stayed on exhibition this past summer at New York's Museum of Modern Art.

Left to right, bottom row: 1. **Jack Tworkov,** a gentle, slight man of fifty-nine, likes big canvases, is famous for the delicacy of his long strokes, rapid but not frenzied, for his blurred, lucent colours, primarily deep violet blues, rosy reds, oranges, existing in deep space. (The Tworkov, upper left, is "Cradle," 6′ ¼″ x 5′ 4¼″, in the collection of Mr. and Mrs. William Calfee, Washington, D. C.)

2. **Barnett Newman,** a sharp, genial, witty man, who wears a monocle, pin-striped suits, and in summer a straw boater, paints large canvases sparsely, with a single colour, then cuts the space with a single or even several obsessive lines. Everything matters in his work because so little goes on. ("Adam," 7′ 11⅝″ x 6′ 7⅝″, in the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Ben Heller, New York City.)

3. **Sam Francis,** a rather reticent, short, thirty-six-year-old Californian, prefers to paint enormous canvases with close nibbles of colour, somewhat like an enlargement of a cross section of body cells. Among the greatest admirers of his work are the Japanese, the French, the British, and the Swiss; great murals of his are in Tokyo and Basel. ("Blue and Black," 6′ 5″ x 4′ 3½″, in the collection of E. J. Power, London, England.)

Middle row: 4. **Theodoros Stamos,** a stalwart, black-moustached man who looks like a partisan in a Greek movie, paints dramatic large shapes in strong, clear colours. So numerous are his admirers that partly-finished paintings are frequently bought from the easel in his studio. ("High Snow. Low Sun, Number 3," 4′ 8½″ x 4′ 8¾″, from the André Emmerich Gallery, New York.)

5. **James Brooks,** a deeply serious, somewhat melancholy man, is an exceptionally skillful colourist, tumbling on the canvas broad splatches, often as separate as cutouts. To get his effect, he uses house paint. ("Jackson," 5′ 6¾″ x 5′ 9¾″, in the collection of Governor Nelson A. Rockefeller.)

6. **Franz Kline,** an intense man with a tidy, small moustache, is known for the furious vigour of his big paintings, particularly for his slashes of black against white backgrounds, a combination increasingly copied by young painters abroad. ("Garcia," 7′ 11″ x 6′ 7⅝″, from the Sidney Janis Gallery.)

Upper row: 7. **Philip Guston,** a tall, good-looking man, winner, like most of the painters here, of many prizes, has a way of letting scribbles of deep rich colours form into clusters in the centre of his canvases. Twenty-three of his oils and ten of his drawings are now at the São Paulo Bienal. ("The Room," 6′ x 5′, in the collection of Mrs. Leo Castelli, New York City.)

8. **William Baziotes,** a mild-mannered, interesting man of definite theories, paints strange, clearly-defined shapes, like softly motionless creatures resting underwater but about to move. His colours are hazed, mysterious. ("Dwarf," 3′ 6″ x 3′ ⅛″, in the collection of The Museum of Modern Art.)

PENN



A Story by GEORGE BRADSHAW

"Lucky

Everyone said Esther Coleman was lucky to get Harry Benson, but it was an opinion Harry did not share. He thought he was the lucky one.

He knew, too, that luck had had a great deal to do with it. Had he not chosen those weeks in June to take his vacation, had he not come home from New York to stay with his aunt instead of going to a health camp as some of his friends wanted him to, and had Esther's father not died just a month before, leaving her alone and penniless, who knows what might have happened, where Esther might have gone, or what she would have done? He might never have seen her again, for as some of her less attractive friends said, "She thinks she's too good for this town."

It was certainly Harry's opinion, when he saw her his second night home—his aunt had asked her over to dinner—that Esther was the best thing he had ever seen in this town. At twenty-three, she was slim and golden and altogether lovely, and, despite her situation, she was lively and hopeful and talked almost amusingly about how unprepared she was suddenly to have to make a living. In fact, so charming was she that three times on that first night Harry thought how surprising it was that in all his years in New York he had never met a girl to compare with Esther.

Later, as he lay in bed, he decided that these fancies that were going through his head were probably a little foolish. After all he was thirteen years older than Esther—although he had never thought of himself as old, he kept in good condition—and he could not, really, offer her very much. Of course anything, on the other hand, would be better than what she had.

Harry was a laboratory technician at the Gramercy Hospital in New York. He had imagined, originally, that he would be a doctor, but there had not been enough money for that, and the two scholarships he had tried for he had failed to win. He liked the smell and feel and safety of a hospital and, while his job was not the most brilliant in the world, he worked hard and steadily at it. The money was adequate for his one-room and restaurant existence; what, however, would it be for man and wife?

But when ten days later, ten days during which he had seen Esther constantly, he could finally contain himself no longer and, suddenly after dinner, in his aunt's parlour, he poured forth all his feelings—including truthfully all his doubts—Esther, without really waiting for him to finish, ran into the kitchen, threw her arms around his aunt and burst into tears. He, Harry Benson, he soon found out from his aunt, was the only thing Esther had wanted from that first night, ten long days ago.

If he had heard, a few weeks later when he and Esther were married, what some people in town said—that Esther would have married anyone who would take her to New York—he would not have believed them or have cared, for Harry was dazzled and captured by his happiness.

And he would have been right neither to have believed or cared, for six years later Harry could have said, and in fact often did, that he loved Esther more now than when he had first met her. She was the perfect wife.

"Maybe two can't live cheaper than one," Harry often said, "but they certainly can live better."

The apartment was charming. It was the third they had had, each better than the one before, and each, miraculously, got at no rise in rent. Esther had decorated this one charmingly, covering the sofas and chairs exquisitely and economically, herself. For one of the unexpected talents which Esther showed was skill with her hands. Each of the sofas she had found damaged woefully, bought for ten dollars, then with tape and string and patience and strength, repaired to perfection.

And she was a cook. "But cooking's done with your hands," she would protest. "I can do anything with my hands." Harry, who had almost forgotten the pleasure of food in his years of second-rate restaurants, now revelled in the relative merits of lemon and mocha soufflés, in chicken aspics, in ragouts and roasts and pastries. Every night he would come home from the hospital to find an exquisite table set before the fire.

Of course, she made her own clothes. She could run up an entire wardrobe for the cost of one good department store dress. And Harry knew his wife was smart, not so much from his own eye, as from the cold and envious stares of her friends. Once even—last year—she had managed a fur coat, or a coat lined with fur, anyway. "But it looks," he said when he saw it, "it looks like. . . ."

Esther shook her head. "No. That's the reason it's on the inside. When you just get a quick glance, you might think it was mink, but if you saw it out in the light, you'd know it was rabbit."

"You're a wonder," Harry used to say when he handed over his money to Esther. He had early got into the habit of giving her his cheque every week, taking back just enough for lunch and cigarettes, for she was, it was obvious, much better able to handle it than he.

But there was, of course, in all this perfection, one flaw. It was not really a very serious one, but it was one which endlessly irritated Harry. Esther liked pictures.

Not calm, pleasant, livable pictures that you hang on a wall and don't see, but modern pictures. The wild, bril-

investment"

An odd profit from love

liant, shocking pictures of Braque, or Miró, or Matisse, that no one in his right mind would like. This interest of Esther's had begun suddenly, almost inexplicably, one day when she brought home a Picasso lithograph and hung it over the mantelpiece.

"My God," Harry said.

"It's real," Esther said. "It's worth a lot of money."

"A lot?" Harry said. "How much?"

"Oh, a lot. I didn't buy it. I . . ." she said, "I rented it."

"Rented it?" Harry said. "Where can you rent a thing like that?"

"At the New Museum. Helen and I are taking a course and they have this service for renting good pictures."

Harry shook his head. "I hope you didn't rent it for long. Who's Helen?"

"She's a girl I met at the beauty shop. You don't know her."

At the end of a week the Picasso disappeared. But it marked, that lithograph, only the beginning of Esther's interest in paintings.

She began going, three days a week, to an art class. "I love it," she said, "it's the most fascinating thing I ever did. Wait till you see."

When he did see, a month later, Harry couldn't believe his eyes. Esther's first picture, he said, was "enough to scare you out of the house."

"What's it supposed to be?" he said.

"It's a copy of a Miró. If it were real, it would be worth a thousand dollars."

Harry groaned. "It's crazy."

"All right," Esther said, picking up the painting, "I'm crazy, too. A person has a right to be crazy about something. I'm crazy about pictures. Just be glad it isn't rubies."

She took the picture into her room and hid it in her cupboard. She did not, however, stop going to art class.

But she made a truce of sorts. She never kept her paintings around where Harry could see them. In the present apartment, they used one bedroom for sleeping, with the other given over to Esther for her clothes, her sewing—and her pictures. By now the walls were hung thick with them, and there were others stacked on the floor. Harry never went into her room if he could help it, and she kept the door constantly closed.

Another change occurred in Esther as her interest in painting increased, she saw less and less of her old friends. The new ones, whom she met at art class, became the important ones, and the two nights a week when Harry was on late duty, which formerly she had used to 'see the girls,' she now occupied by going to another drawing class—one taught, she told Harry, by a really famous modern artist.

She never brought her new friends home—"Oh," she used to say, "you know how you are, Harry. You'd think they were crazy . . ." and Harry agreed she was probably right. One night he almost saw one of them, a late rainy night when he was hurrying home toward the apartment. From half a block away he saw the long black car stop, Esther get out and run into their doorway. When he asked her who it was she said, "One of the people at the class. He took a bunch of us home on account of the rain."

"You must have some rich people in your class to have a car like that," Harry said.

"Sure," Esther said, "rich people, poor people, all sorts of people like art, Harry. It's not restricted."

Sometimes it seemed to Harry that Esther wanted to tease him with the pictures. Occasionally she would bring a canvas home—not often, but often enough to annoy him—and well, almost dare him to admire it. When, for all her coaxing, he remained unmoved, she would pick the picture up with a strange giggle, and, humming, take it back into her room.

Once, thinking maybe to please her with a joke, he said, "It's a nice frame," and then sat unbelieving when she said, "Yes. It cost forty dollars."

"Forty dollars?"

"There's real gold leaf in it," she said.

"But forty dollars! We can't afford . . ."

"Wait a minute," Esther said. "I saved that forty dollars—making my own clothes, for one thing. I'm not extravagant. Suppose I wanted diamond clips? I just wanted that frame."

Harry shook his head. "But, Honey, forty dollars to put around a picture of a couple of old pears. At least I think they're pears. . . ."

Esther picked up the picture and walked rapidly toward her room. "They're pears, all right," she said. "The best."

That was Harry's cross, the pictures. But, as he often said to himself, when you consider what most men have to put up with. . . .

And then, in the spring of the sixth year of their marriage, the unbelievable thing happened. Esther was killed in an automobile accident.

She had told him in the morning that she was driving up to Connecticut to sketch out of doors with some of the members of her painting class, and that she would be back for dinner. But the car in which she was riding was rammed by a truck, Esther was thrown out, and killed.

Harry was inconsolable. He went *(Continued on page 142)*



PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... Just how much effect the moon blow, coupled with Premier Khrushchev's talks with President Eisenhower. had on the British General Election.... The rise in the number of books on politics, some novels, some not.... *La nouvelle vague*, France's new growth of film directors who play loosely, successfully with new techniques, new talent; one of them, Alain Resnais, made *Hiroshima, Mon Amour*, jumpy, complex, with a subtle performance by Emmanuelle Riva, who is rather a French Garbo.... Europe's massive, loving admiration for Jerome Robbins and his ballets.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... How abstract the human body can be when disciplined, and hung out in space by the imagination of George Balanchine, a director of the New York City Ballet.... *A Silver-Plated Spoon* by John, Duke of Bedford, whose book is a simple compendium of family eccentrics, including his seventy-one-year-old grandmother, the "Flying Duchess" of whom the Duke said: "Already stone deaf, her eyesight was starting to go and she was afraid that she might not get her pilot's license renewed." ... The number of young men who Will Go Anywhere, and say just that in the Personals.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... White noise, which is actually an electronic signal in which all wave frequencies are present.... The quiet intelligence of *Groucho and Me*, a reluctant, non-informative, Groucho Marx autobiography that is sometimes wildly funny.... *Career*, Hollywood's new anatomy of ambition, a movie grey with peeling furniture and ego, in which Shirley MacLaine says that she told her psychiatrist: "Doctor, I'm not going to be able to see you today because my horoscope forbids me to go out of the house." ... The dance, the Mumbo-Jumbo, that is part mambo and more jumble.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... Mary McCarty, wide-open and funny, doing her number about the great actress who never made it, at the new Greenwich Village night place, The Quadrille.... In Paris, Sasha Diestel, a handsome young singer who half talks his songs to his own guitar; his big hit now, the intricate "Oui, Oui, Oui, Oui." ... The marvels of the cleaned Manets at the Metropolitan Museum of Art.... The cleverness of the new book, *Good Cooking*, by Nicholas Roosevelt who takes his readers into his confidence by not only warning them, for instance, against Irish stew, the usual creamed turkey, and the dangers of overcooking almost everything, but by substituting constructive advice and recipes that can only come from a superb and chatty cook.... The rhyming game in which someone called the Oedipus complex, "Mama Drama," and the Electra, "Rather Father."



KATHARINE CORNELL (opposite) in the new two-character play, *Dear Liar*, playing that great fascinator, the witty, beautiful, stubborn Mrs. Patrick Campbell, whom George Bernard Shaw called, at times, his "Dearest Liar." She called him Joey. Brian Aherne plays Joey in Jerome Kilty's adroit adaptation from the forty years of letters between the actress and the playwright in which they managed on paper to quarrel, love, gossip, and even to develop their own special embarrassing baby talk. Their letters stopped, not with death, but with fatigue, when he was eighty-three and she was seventy-four. When Mrs. "Pat" died, James Agate, the famous English critic, wrote: "Her voice was like Casals' 'cello.... This was an actress who, for twenty years, had the world at her feet. She kicked it away, and the ball rolled out of her reach." Long before that kick, however, she created the rôle of Shaw's cockney flower girl, Eliza, in *Pygmalion*. When that comedy was about to open, G.B.S. sent some final orders to his star, for whom he wrote the play, ending with: "I don't like fighting: I like conquering. You think you like fighting; and now you will have to succeed sword in hand. You have left yourself poorly provided with ideas and expedients; and you must make up for them by dash and brilliancy and resolution. And so, *Avanti!*" Now, on tour, Miss Cornell in Cecil Beaton costumes is again involved with G.B.S. She played her first Shaw heroine, Candida, in 1924, a performance that became a classic, and, after other Shaw heroines, she is playing the heroine of his life, Mrs. Campbell.

CECIL BEATON

Pale minks—new fur brilliants

This page: Mink greatcoat with a captivating new pallor, and this besides—a big notched collar and the bone-button casualness that gives mink a whole new dimension in fashion. Afternoon-in-the-city-dimensions showing here—diamonds, pearls, a hat of equally pale mink. Coat by Maximilian, of "Arcturus," Emba natural lavender beige mutation mink. Also at Holt Renfrew of Canada. Earrings, necklace, and bracelet, from Verdura. The deep-set mink pillbox, by Irene of New York. *Facing page:* Pale mink with a fresh set of evening-coat credentials—tunic shape, bathrobe tie. The length, seven-eighths, to wear with an effect of added height—thin skirt, high narrow coiffure, as here. Coat, of "Tourmaline," Emba natural pale-beige mutation mink. A Capucci design for David. N. H. Rosenthal, Chicago; Davidson's, Indianapolis. Cartier jewels. Mobiles: Bonniers.



HENRY CLARKE





Furs on the double; shirt look, white on white

Opposite: Fur-lined coat with a boffo rating—beige otter lined in snow leopard that spills out as a great spread of collar. Foreseeable settings: travelling (in anything from sports car to ocean liner), country-walking, town-lunching. By Ben Kahn, of beige-dyed river otter from Brazil; the lining, snow leopard from India. At Nan Duskin; Jenny's. Gold jewellery from Cartier. Belle-Sharmeer stockings. Customcraft shoes. Tawny hair-colour for these fur-colours: DuBarry's Golden Leopard.
Below: News for country evenings, this season—a shirtwaist look with two whites present. One white, the silk satin shirt; more white in a wide wool tweed skirt, belted in blond leather. Shirt, about $40; skirt, about $30; both by Sloat. At Bonwit Teller; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Hudson's; Famous-Barr. Andrew Geller shoes. Gold and diamond jewellery by Verdura. Dux chairs, on both pages, from Bonniers.

HENRY CLARKE









Paris dresses— and a new way to shop for night looks

All-out worldliness—there's only one Paris for that, and the dresses shown here add outrageous prettiness as well. French copies, they are to be found in America in the new evening shop at Saks Fifth Avenue where women can shop for total evening looks—dresses and dress-additions from little fur wraps to shoes to jewels—all at one time. No colours to carry in the eye to another part of the store; no multiple trying-on sessions. The idea: a complete preview of one's evening fashion entrance.

Far left: Back-tilted silk brocade dress in Chinese red-orange with the famously ingenious Balenciaga shaping. The Paris necklace is also at Saks Fifth Avenue.

Left: Nina Ricci's magnified collar—for magnified flattery—on a rose-pointed dress of ivory silk satin. Copy by Martini.

Right: Bright purple silk taffeta dress with the Givenchy way of setting up dazzle—demi-straplessness, a swoosh of bow, and a train. Dresses at Saks Fifth Avenue. The coiffures on this page: Maison Antoine.

HENRY CLARKE



Black suits—what's making them great again

Where the this-year differences lie in black-suit dressing after-six: in shape, in jewelling (fakery in necklaces is magic for current black suits), in a softness that comes from the new lace face being put on wools now. *Left:* Black petit-point wool suit with the sixth fashion sense to concede that some white makes black that much better. The jacket collar flares out over a white lacy wool blouse; black, grey, and crystal beads fill in. By Monte-Sano & Pruzan. De Mario necklace. Both: Bergdorf Goodman. Suit, also at Nan Duskin; L. S. Ayres. Sally Victor mink chechia. Shoes by Customcraft. *Right:* Lacy black knitted wool that passes the black-suit test brilliantly—pearls, a pearly complexion bring out the best in it. The dress under the coup-sleeved jacket is short-sleeved, décolleté, belted. Suit by Monte-Sano & Pruzan, in English wool. Necklace: Judith McCann. Both: Lord & Taylor. Suit, also at Montaldo's; I. Magnin. The tambourine of black feathers—this-year hat news from Sally Victor.



HORST

The 24-k. stocking: slippers of bronze



This page: Not an everyday fascination, but a fairly sensational new look for legs on gala evenings—lacy gold stockings. To wear, like jewels, with discretion. By Christian Dior, of Du Pont nylon and 24-carat gold; $25. At Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman-Marcus; Joseph Magnin. *Facing page:* More shimmering news for evening – bronze shoes to wear with black, brown, red, white or any of the molten brocades. *Top left:* Caviar-bronze kidskin with a dancing-master's bow of taffeta. By Herbert Levine; Allied kidskin; about $40. From Bonwit Teller; Julius Garfinckel; Joseph Magnin. *Continuing clockwise:* Bronze and black velvet; thin black satin stripes. Customcraft opera pump. About $25. Lord & Taylor; Jenny's. *Far right:* Bronze satin, golden leather stripes. By Evins; about $60. I. Miller; Frost Bros.; I. Magnin. *Near right:* Brocade sandal—flowering bronze and gold. This, by Palter De Liso; about $30. Bonwit Teller; Gus Mayer; Famous-Barr.

EVELYN HOFER





Perfume is not spinach

Perfume, unlike spinach, is never good for you unless you love its every whiff—and the more you like it, the more it does for you. In fact, the thought has occurred to us that even if no one could smell the perfume you wear but yourself, there'd still be plenty of reasons for wearing it. One reason: perfume is a spirit lifter, and a well-lifted spirit is a beautifier par excellence; a fact which means that time spent at the perfume counter sampling and sniffing—time spent in picking the perfume that exactly suits you—is not time wasted. At the moment, the chances of *not* finding exactly your perfume are slimmer than ever before—there are four new and delicious additions to the already-dazzling array of perfumes to choose from. Other perfume news, about which more later: new versions, new bottlings of perfumes that are well-known enchanters (some of the new bottles hold a fixed number of sprays which are metred, so you know exactly where you stand).
Now, the new perfumes: Dana's *Bon Voyage* is fresh, bright, and exhilarating as champagne on A Deck and the wonderful throaty sounding of the "Queen Mary's" whistle. Its exuberance is compounded of jasmine, orange, and violet, with a mysterious infusion of ylang-ylang, or "flower of flowers," which comes from Madagascar, among other exotic places. The perfume itself comes from France, and should have landed on these shores by the time you read this; it is $22.50 for 15/16 of an ounce. . . .
Fabergé's new *F♯*, or F-sharp, is boxed in France in the black-and-white of piano keys. Its top notes are sparkling, capricious, untimid; its undertones and end notes, resonant and complex. It is $27 an ounce. More about this on page 24.
Newest of the Ciro fragrances is *Oh La La,* *(Continued on page 141)*

New brown brilliance

Left: Lanvin's dinner dress, an unmitigated charmer in brown and white (almost a recipe for charm right now). Sleeveless, high-necked top and little cardigan jacket of layered white chiffon; brown velvet belt with a rose; ripplingly full brown satin skirt. Topazey necklace. Dress, in America at Henri Bendel; Nan Duskin; I. Magnin.
Right: Again, the deliciousness of brown at night—again, with a whipped topping of white. Nina Ricci's enchanting evening dress with a white satin bodice, tiny-waisted, bound in brown velvet, and fastened with a white rose; bell-shaped, sequinned skirt, velvet-bound.





American fashion territory—

news in the shirt-and-skirt life



If American women could be summed up in a single look, it would probably be this: lean, scrubbed, shrug-of-the-shoulder chic, living—with more dash than any other women in the world—the kind of fashion life described on these twelve pages. Which is, simply, fashion based on casual clothes, beautifully tailored, worn with *brio*. Countryish? Well—in the sense that this look has its roots deep in the country, and that a countrywoman might conceivably program her entire daytime wardrobe without straying from these pages—it's country. On the other hand, we can imagine few suit-questions—city or country—that couldn't be answered by merely turning the page, or flipping ahead to page 113; few coat-needs that couldn't be filled—amply—by the fur-lined great-coat on page 113. As for the foursquare dyed-in-the-concrete citywoman, we've never known one who didn't waive old rules for a really smashing shirt, or for a simple cashmere cardigan with little-evening-jacket leanings—both to be found here in the news in the shirt-and-skirt life.

Left: Suit look that could be called classic—if it weren't all news; could be called a slice of Americana—if it weren't, in fact, one of the delights of the recent Paris Collections. Shown here, the Grès original, in butterscotch-coloured suède and thickly knitted wool. Reproduced in America by Samuel Robert. Costume: Bonwit Teller; Hutzler's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Further French Fling: Coty's rosy lipstick and nail enamel of that name. *Right:* Brass-buttoned beige shirt of wool and reindeer hair—to be taken as seriously as a jacket, when it's worn over a straight olive-brown wool covert cloth skirt. Shirt, about $18; skirt, about $18. Both, by Mr. Gee. Costume, at Altman's; Halle Bros.; Frederick & Nelson.



KAREN RADKAI



AMERICAN FASHION TERRITORY

Belted sweaters



Most emphatic piece of news a sweater could have now: emphatic belting—with skirts, with pants.

Facing page, top left: Shaggy off-white cardigan with a significant amount of collar. It's worn here belted under a checked camel-coloured skirt. The sweater, by Premier of Orlon and mohair; about $12. From Bonwit Teller.

Below left: Cashmere dress-cardigan, breaking just enough traditions to get itself noticed—grosgrain edges, ribbon-edged pockets. This, pale grey, belted over grey pleats. (Evenings-at-home might go this way—sweater, long tweed skirt, massy gold jewellery.) By Braemar, $32. Wool flannel skirt: Evan-Picone, $20. De Pinna.

Right: Boat-necked wool sweater with fairly deep-country markings—white on black; worn with a pleasantly rugged leather belt, strict black worsted pants. Sweater about $17; pants of Lawford fabric, about $15. Both by Catalina. Lord & Taylor; Bullock's, Los Angeles.

This page, left: Cashmere as shirt news—white and butterscotch stripes, tucked into a putty-coloured walking skirt. The cashmere shirt, by Pringle, about $28. At Hutzler's. The skirt, made of Einiger's wool and reindeer hair; about $20. This, at Bergdorf Goodman; Hutzler's.

Below: City-country suit chic to improvise around the news of a cropped fleece-lined black suède cardigan, black-and-white Glen plaid skirt, lots of well-polished leather. Leathermode jacket, lined with Collins & Aikman's fleece of white Orlon; about $50. Altman's; Wm. H. Block. Wool skirt by Suburbia; about $18. At Tailored Woman; Wm. H. Block. Leather handbag, from Lederer.



AMERICAN FASHION TERRITORY:

City-country look-makers

City-country limits here? None that we can think of—except the ones you add yourself. A change of gloves, of heel-heights could deepen the country atmosphere considerably.

This page, left: What makes a this-year coat—this kind of furring does, and the look of thought-out dress planning. The coat, honey-coloured, lined with muskrat, worn over a knitted wool sheath that's just a degree or so higher on the beige scale. Fairmoor coat, of llama wool, bleached blond muskrat undersides: $240. Dress: about $65. Both: Saks Fifth Avenue. Coat, also at Woodward & Lothrop.

Right: Self-assembled suit, assembled on some of the most successful suit principles we know—black-and-curry checked cardigan, black pleats. Jacket, of Lawford's wool-and-reindeer hair, about $45; wool flannel skirt, about $25. By Tudor Square. Bloomingdale's; Frederick & Nelson.

Facing page, directly right: Black and beige checks—the kind that balance beautifully in a woman's undercoat plans. Dress, by Jamison, in Sag-No-Mor worsted jersey; about $60. Saks Fifth Avenue; Sakowitz.

Far right: How you might be thinking now if you've already taken a string of knitted dresses into consideration—vicuña-brown coat, plunged in mink, casually tied. By Brittany, of wool and fur blend (Anglo fabric); the collar, natural dark ranch mink. About $225. This, at Lord & Taylor; Julius Garfinckel; I. Magnin.







AMERICAN FASHION TERRITORY:

Blazer shirts

This page, top: Grey and beige plaid skirt belted over a one-button shirt of grey wool jersey—deep country look getting in deeper by the additions: knitted stockings, riding hat, a turtle-necked sweater slipped under the shirt. Shirt, $8. Skirt, in wool-and-reindeer hair; $23. Bloomingdale's. *Below:* Marvellous tweeds, good grey flannel—a countrywoman would no more dream of living without them than without storm windows. Brownish wool tweed blazer, about $60. The pleated wool flannel skirt, about $40. Both by Ellen Brooke. These, at Lord & Taylor; I. Magnin. *Right:* Frontier pants abiding by the best going country-pants rules—beige cotton gabardine, tapered but not skimped, boot-top length. $9, at Miller Riding Shop. White shirt, by Pilot, of Siltessa—a Fuller fabric of textured Dacron. $9. At Altman's. Black suède buskins, by Life Stride. *Facing page, directly right:* Shirt-and-skirtism with news in the wearing. White Viyella shirt worn wide open over a bulky white sweater, tucked into a raging-plaid skirt and tightly belted. Hathaway shirt, $16. Lord & Taylor. Skirt, mainly camel-coloured, by Tudor Square, of Ria Herlinger wool; $25. At Franklin Simon. The riding hat, a John Frederics Charmer. *Far right:* Pale-grey jersey shirt with a waistband doing belt work over slow-starting dark grey pleats. Alice Stuart shirt, in Alamac's Thalspun jersey of Orlon and wool; $8. Worsted flannel skirt, by Harburt of Boston; about $18. Sally V visor hat. Everything, at Bloomingdale's.

KAREN RADKAI







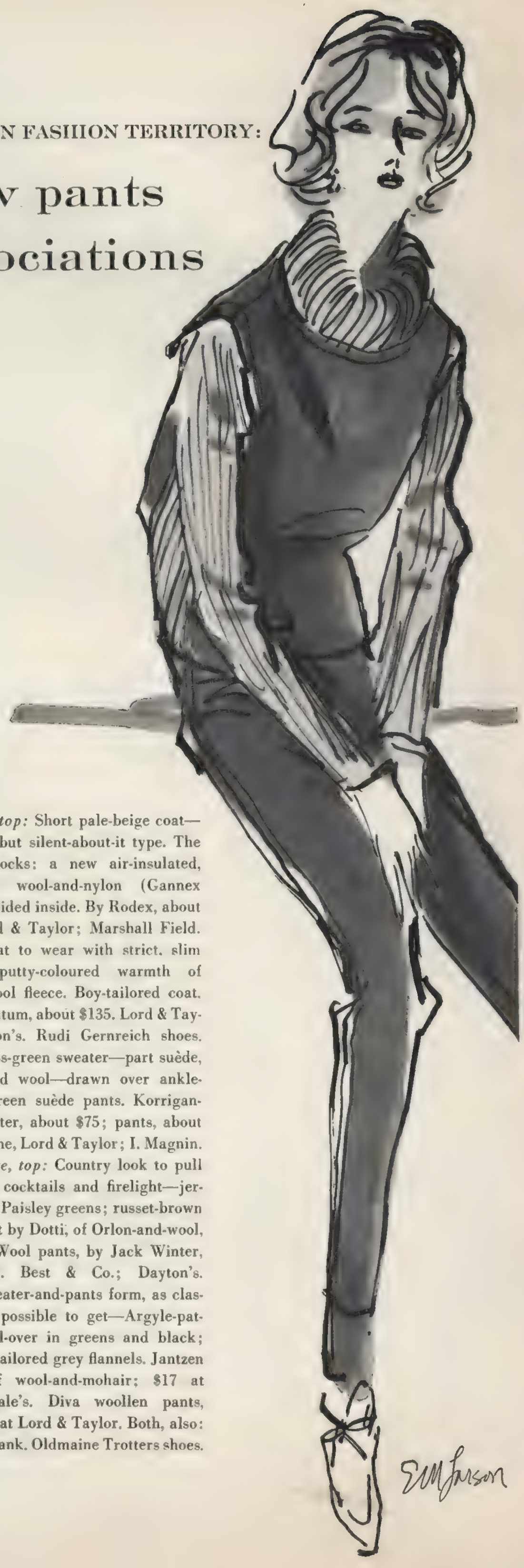


AMERICAN FASHION TERRITORY:

New pants associations







This page, top: Short pale-beige coat—the strong but silent-about-it type. The element blocks: a new air-insulated, rainproofed wool-and-nylon (Gannex fabric), plaided inside. By Rodex, about $70 at Lord & Taylor; Marshall Field. *Below:* Coat to wear with strict, slim pants—a putty-coloured warmth of cropped wool fleece. Boy-tailored coat, by Aquascutum, about $135. Lord & Taylor; Hudson's. Rudi Gernreich shoes. *Right:* Moss-green sweater—part suède, part knitted wool—drawn over ankle-covering green suède pants. Korrigan-Lesur sweater, about $75; pants, about $85. Costume, Lord & Taylor; I. Magnin. *Facing page, top:* Country look to pull up around cocktails and firelight—jersey shirt in Paisley greens; russet-brown pants. Shirt by Dotti, of Orlon-and-wool, about $8. Wool pants, by Jack Winter, about $15. Best & Co.; Dayton's. *Right:* Sweater-and-pants form, as classic as it's possible to get—Argyle-patterned pull-over in greens and black; flawlessly tailored grey flannels. Jantzen sweater of wool-and-mohair; $17 at Bloomingdale's. Diva woollen pants, about $18, at Lord & Taylor. Both, also: Meier & Frank. Oldmaine Trotters shoes.



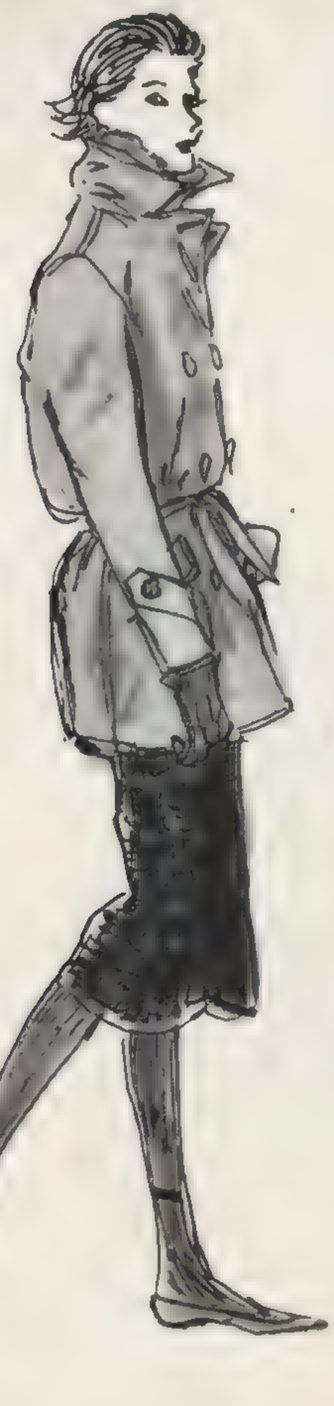
KAREN RADKA



AMERICAN FASHION TERRITORY:

Coat-weather coats





Country without dashing coats: unthinkable as country without station wagons. *Facing page:* Car-hopping length of coat, plaid or beige gabardine depending on which way the wind is blowing. The car it might have just hopped out of: a new Ford Country Squire station wagon that seems to grow more realistic by the year. 1960 gains: tape-measureably more people-space, more loading room. Coat, of black and brown wool plaid; Galey & Lord cotton. About $35. Beige Pima cotton shirt; $9. Cone cotton corduroy pants; $12. All: John Weitz. Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Hudson's. Penaljo boots. *This page, top:* A great big wonderful bench-warmer of a coat, bench-warming length. Brown and ivory squares of furry Dynel-Acrilan-Verel pile; about $150. This, by White Stag, from Lord & Taylor. *Left:* Russet suède lined in alpaca—coat with the traditional dash of trenchiness, non-traditional three-quarters length. By Gean-Edwards of A. C. Lawrence leather. $85. Lord & Taylor; Marshall Field. *Right:* Country-walk of coat with a nice grasp of basic country form and a special message for the walk-in-the-rain claque. Bronze-coloured cotton poplin raincoat, warmed with fleecy white wool lining. By Foxhunt; about $50. From Bonwit Teller.





RAWLINGS



SCHATZBERG



New gauge for

Yes, the fascinating woman in the picture is holding the umbrella. She holds it with a sure hand, with no feeling of being neglected or underestimated by the man at the wheel. He drives; she umbrellas. It's a simple little system based on good sense and a nice feeling for reciprocity, the pivot factors in good manners mid-Twentieth Century, U.S.A.

It is possible, of course, to deny that the basis of good manners has changed at all, to maintain that consideration for others has always been the point, and in America, one can even cite a famously definitive document stressing the "decent regard to the opinion of mankind." However, while good manners still come, as they always have, from a real search for the other person's point of view, a putting forth of antennae to catch the psychic broadcasts, marked differences arise in the expression of this consideration. Millicent Fenwick, in *Vogue's Book of Etiquette*, described the change this way: "Etiquette is a big subject, but it's no secret. And this is significant of the revolutionary change in its character. In the last twenty years, particularly in America, etiquette has become less arbitrary and more democratic, because it has discarded the old source of its authority and taken up a new one. The old sanction for its rules was, "The inner circle (or the 'best' people) behave this way." Its new standards of behaviour are based on what millions of people have accepted as right or wrong.... Good behaviour is everybody's business, and good taste can be everyone's goal." Past schools of manners—from the elegant intricacies of the Bourbon courts of France to the overstuffed pomposity of Victorian America—have insisted on manners being recognized as manners. They thrived on ritual

and complexity. The new school turns manners into manner, a perpetual force that can not change with circumstances.

Literary evidence of this era's changing manners flourishes and fascinates. Jane Austen with all her delicate probing of motives, reactions, and consequences never turned her brilliance belowstairs; abovestairs, it was thought right and natural that those with the least money should be treated with the least consideration. Louisa May Alcott's approach to the deserving poor—the sausages on Christmas morning sort of thing—was the accepted patronizing approach of her day. Trollope's biased views tasted of hemlock only to a small minority. Now, however, no writer with similar warps thrives today.

Henry Green, writing in the present, reverses Austen and Trollope. With what Elizabeth Bowen called the "straight, humanistic touch," he stands as a great modern revealer of manners, displaying this subtlety with particular charm in his novel, *Loving*. Even in the fraptious, impertinent pages of Evelyn Waugh, the child who called his nanny a "silly old tart" precipitated a state of general shock and parent humiliation. As for the poor, "The Angries," John Osborne and Kingsley Amis among them, have swung round full circle and reduced the middling prosperous to something resembling an undesirable minority group. Although the Angries' patronizing attitudes work contra Alcott, and this is to be condemned by reasonable people living in the present, it stands, nonetheless, as extreme proof that there has been a change of some moment in a significant bloc of opinion.

Paramount in the new school of manners is the firm uprooting of such slanted definitions as "a gentleman is one who is never intentionally rude" and "a gentleman is one who is never rude to servants." The patronizing tone of the latter is especially grating. Today's gentleman—like Henry Higgins, who was ahead of his era—has the same manners for everyone; if his stock in trade is brusqueness, let him be brusque with servants, too. One can only hope for an attractive brusqueness. A pleasant respect for reticence should prevent the "little morals" that constitute manners from being obtrusive. They should exist as a trait of character comparable to honesty or a sense of justice, a trait evolved from the continuing subconscious search to understand another point of view, combined with reasonable intelligence and a certain affection for the human race.

But while a generous spirit means everything to good manners, it will not, as a famous and gentlemanly wit once remarked, "tell you when to take off your hat in the elevator." Therefore, in the interests of clarity, here are some specifics in the changed good manners gauge: About that hat in the elevator—in public buildings it stays on because the elevator becomes an extension of the street. In warm-weather months the problem may never arise since men so often go hatless.

good manners

Who goes first? A now-historic eye view in Vogue last January 15 explored the change in taxi manners, pointing out that the man goes first, taking in his trousered stride that miserable business of scuffling to the far side of a small-scale taxi. In restaurants the old rule (woman first after the head waiter to the table) still prevails when it's all that simple. However, in an age when bistro dining is both pleasant and fashionable, there may be times when the man should take over. In a small, busy café, where the head waiter if he exists at all is not readily on hand, the man should advance with decision, giving his Twentieth Century woman a chance to feel that he's making an effort. What he must not do is leave her floundering—no head waiter, no table; this rouses her most Victorian impulses, and they are extremely vexing in the new light of 1959. Same rules apply at the theatre; the woman usually goes down the aisle after the usher, before her escort. However, if finding an usher is a problem or if there's a stretch of occupied seats to pass before settling down, the man precedes.

Correspondence: Telegrams may now be used by even the most *collet monté* of grand dames for invitations to dinner parties as well as to cocktail parties. Letters, with a few exceptions, may be typed, a pleasure for the writer who has confirmed typewriter habits; a joy for the person who might otherwise require cryptanalysis to get the message. The custom of presenting letters of introduction upon arrival in a strange city has changed, too. Often now, the mutual friend writes, wires, or telephones the friend in residence about the arriving visitor. If the date of the visit is not set, the mutual friend may of course send a letter and the visitor may telephone the resident *(Continued on page 135)*

The grey flannel factor plus mauve

Examples, here, of grey flannel's extraordinary versatility, of the marvellous things that happen to grey flannel when it's touched with mauve. Both suits are classics in their way, both have a simplicity that's sometimes difficult to find, always sheer and durable joy in the wearing. *This page:* Superb little bell-skirted theatre dress, very narrow about the waist, with a bare, sleeveless bodice that takes its matinee cues from a waist-length jacket with a lining of dusky mauve silk surah. Vogue Pattern 199; Forstmann worsted flannel. *Opposite page:* Skirt-and-blazer suit, grey wool flannel of course, but graduated, *cum laude,* from the campus-uniform version. The skirt, Vogue Pattern 9722, is box-pleated, slightly flared; the blazer, Vogue Pattern 9799, can be closed by a march of quarter-sized brass buttons, is worn over a mauve silk surah shirt (Onondaga fabric), Vogue Pattern 9185. Skirt and blazer of Forstmann fabric.
Other views, yardages, page 54.

VOGUE PATTERN
199



SHIRT: VOGUE PATTERN 9185
BLAZER: VOGUE PATTERN 9799
SKIRT: VOGUE PATTERN 9722

PALUMBO



Night lines in the shirt-and-skirt life

Shirts and skirts—wonderful for evenings at home, with or without guests. *Left:* Long-sleeved shirt of white silk chiffon, doubled, tucked on front and cuffs. About $25. Short, whirly skirt in black silk organdie, snugly waisted via cummerbund. In A. P. Silk; about $18. Vendôme necklace. All, Best & Co. Shirt and skirt, also: Woodward & Lothrop. Julianelli shoes. *Right:* "Not dressing"—but charmingly dressed, all the same. Simple neckband shirt in an un-simple fabric—white silk satin; ankle-length skirt of black imported British wool flannel. Both by Evan-Picone. Shirt, about $18; skirt, about $25. At Altman's; I. Magnin. Customcraft shoes.



HENRY CLARKE

More shirts and skirts with a relaxed elegance, unworked-at prettiness. *Left:* Among the delights of entertaining in the country—but city hostesses might copy: this shirt and skirt. White silk shirt, long-sleeved, loosely tied at the low-ish neckline. By Adelaar; about $12. Long skirt of beige-and-red pebbly wool tweed, fringed, buttonable at front or side. By Tudor Square, in Einiger fabric; about $40. Lord & Taylor. *Right:* Shirt of mauve Dacron-and-nylon with a rose of the same; by Morlove. About $12. Skirt of dark-red Crompton cotton-and-rayon velvet; by Sloat. About $45. Altman's; Dayton's. All coiffures by Salon d'Italia.



Bosom perfection —the new possibilities

This is distinctly the age of The Age Of. Of almost anything. One of the unnerving facts about it (and most true of America, certainly) is that it is, or wishes to be, the Age of Perfection. Perfect Beauty seems to be a national goal. But generally the striving is a reasonably light-hearted, wouldn't-it-be-nice endeavour. Wouldn't it be glorious if I found a nicer complexion? Won't it be fine if my figure shapes up? Women of every age are in the ring—if this is vanity they are making the most of it, with minimal guilt complexes. What is more, if those inches don't melt right off the waistline or the latest hair-colouring job isn't absolutely ideal, most women preserve their equilibrium reasonably well, because the imperfections they were trying to overcome did not assail their deep femininity, did not touch them where they live.

But there is another sort of imperfection more subtle by far, and that is the size and shape of the bosom. The woman who feels a need for a change here is involved with the very idea of herself as a woman. This particular goal of perfection strikes deeply into regions where the turbulent psyche stirs. Superficially, it might seem that this need is spurred merely by the tenor of the times, since this is—for many people—the Age of the Large Chest Measurement. But if this were the case there would be no news on the subject; and there is news. It's the gradual shift in an attitude. As lately as five to ten years ago, medical opinion approved corrective breast surgery *only* if an actual deformity existed, responsible for great discomfort in the present or potential danger in the future. Now opinion is increasingly more tolerant. And there are responsible doctors and surgeons with imagination and sympathy who feel that these operations can be important in the very special area of mental health.

However, the point of view that well-being on this level is a vital, medical concern has not yet become general. A widely-read woman columnist was speaking for the contrary opinion when she recently advised a reader that even entertaining the idea of this kind of cosmetic surgery was vain, and revealed "an inner nothingness." But such a reaction can now be set against a considerable body of reputable medical opinion. Prejudice need not deter women from cosmetic surgery—and that includes cosmetic surgery for the breast as well as surgery to improve facial contours.

But what is bosom perfection? This particular ideal has fluctuated wildly from culture to culture, age to age. There was Helen of Troy, said to have had small breasts. There is, of course, the Venus de Milo, who hasn't, and the position of the points of her bosom—halfway between shoulder and elbow—is used today as a guide by surgeons, and also as a guide in fitting brassières. There were the lavish Rubens beauties; the lavish Gibson girls; and the flat, flat chests that helped make the Twenties distinctive. Today, in *(Continued on page 139)*

RAWLINGS

GOSSIPY MEMO ON TRAVEL: SIX INNS

Southern Wisconsin: super-energy with a Swiss patina

In the rich rolling green of southern Wisconsin—country almost as attractive to motorists as it is to milk cows—the living is good; the manner, especially among the Swiss Americans, confident without being bumptious. At New Glarus, a village so Swiss one has the feeling of softened, patted-down Alps, one of three local museums—the Chalet of the Golden Fleece—burgeons, Heidi-like, in a plot of eidelweiss within shouting distance of a handsome and daring house designed by one of the Frank Lloyd Wright alumni from Wisconsin's Taliesin. Downtown in New Glarus there is good local beer at the Glarner Stube—antlers on the wall, Swiss schottisches and hop waltzes on the juke box; sometimes off-the-cuff yodelling at night. Up the block at The Alpine Café: hearty New Glarus kalbsbatwurst to eat with onions and potatoes *rösti* (Schweitzer for hashed-brown). The starting point for this run might be the Edgewater Hotel in Madison, a shipshape establishment thrusting over Lake Mendota at the end of a row of mixed Georgian and gingerbread houses. Rooms, each with radio and TV, begin at $8 a day without meals.

For late-autumn pleasure, two New Hampshire inns

An inn with good food, a small attentive staff, and an attractive setting, is as hard to find as a good man. Such an inn, however, is The Hillwinds, by a mountain stream in Franconia. The Hillwinds has only a few rooms (two of them with balconies), sloping eaves, and a comfortable tucked-in feeling. Other comforts include Swiss and Viennese food, dinners that may be ordered ahead (particularly the Quiche Lorraine), heavy linen tablecloths, pressed glass goblets, and candles that do not flicker quaintly. Happily, the flexible breakfast hour bends like a willow wand. The price for all this, room, breakfast, and dinner is about $10 a day.

At another New Hampshire inn, the Hooper Golf Club in Walpole, by the Connecticut River, the attractions are mainly golf, country food, and quiet. In the dining room, which overlooks the first tee of a nine-hole course, breakfasts run to thick bacon and freshly-gathered eggs. A place with the ungainly look of an overgrown farmhouse, the Hooper Golf Club has large, pleasant rooms, some with fireplaces. For a double room and bath, with breakfast, the cost is $8 a day for each person.

By the River Thames, two of England's country inns

A few English inns radiate the warmth and charm of a friend's country house. Two good ones are at Sonning-on-Thames in Berkshire, about an hour from London. Built on the river's bank, the White Hart Hotel offers an Elizabethan elegance, roast-beef-with-Yorkshire-pudding kind of food, and a good choice of wines. Log fires are laid inside the separate cottages, which may be rented for the weekend; outside, diversions include fishing, tennis, golf, and the classical punting on the Thames. A smaller inn, Bull Hotel, at one time housed pilgrims to St. Andrew's Church, next door. Oak trees billow near the cream-coloured, dark-timbered inn, and a ferny path from the churchyard leads to the prettiest lock on the river. Bed and breakfast at the Bull Hotel costs twenty-five shillings ($3.50) a night. Note: in Sonning, antique shops stay open on Sunday.

The Camargue: range life, space, and a new hotel

Winter duck shooting is good at The Camargue, a belt of rice fields and marshes on the Mediterranean coast of France, just south of Arles. Mainly a country of quiet spaces and herds of wild horses, The Camargue is famous for its breed of bulls. In Les Saintes-Maries-de-la-Mer the new hotel, Le Pont des Bannes, is a low-slung ranch house with a beamed dining room, a panelled bar, and terraces looking over the wild West landscape. Around the main building stand twelve white, thatch-roofed cottages, much like those lived in by the guardians of the bulls, except that these at Le Pont des Bannes have red calico bedspreads, central heating, and tiled baths. In winter, visitors may watch horses being trained, see the droves of cattle, or go eel-fishing in the marshes. Riding goes on all year. The hotel has a stable of twenty horses and a clutch of cowboys whose regional dress looks like a cross between that of Spanish dancers and of Texas rangers. A cabin for two, with all meals, costs $9 a day for each person.

Country house reached by elevator →

Enclosed, comfortable, casual, flowered inside with chintz and outside with a lively evergreen rooftop garden, the "morning room" in Urban Morgan's New York penthouse might also be called the tea room, the music room, and, when Mr. Morgan is home at mid-day, sometimes the lunch room, too. A decorator, he wanted one room with chintz in his own apartment. The colour plan: green, white, and black—the green in the spring greens and Kelly greens patterning the white wall and curtain chintz, the emerald green of the easy chairs—the white in the pure white carpet, the here-and-there white trim—the black on the Queen Anne lacquer secretary, and the black leather on the Louis XVI armchairs. Mr. Morgan wanted just one blue note, got it by the now you see it, now you don't blue of the glass in the Louis XVI mirror. Instead of one long, low table, he uses two long-legged modern Chinese tables (left foreground, opposite) liking his coffee tables tea table height. On the following pages: more of this penthouse, its half-and-half dining room, and its pretty ideas.

VOGUE'S FASHIONS in LIVING



One end of dining room, French panelling, Italian chairs, shining parquet floor



Other end of dining room, Portuguese chairs, Moroccan rug

Country house reached by elevator

Though the unconventional architecture of Mr. Urban Morgan's garden-enclosed penthouse presented him with a big dining room, he decided against a big dining table, and seats any group numbering over six at small tables, in strikingly different sections of the room. *Above*, the more formal half, with here a pink-skirted table set for four; *left*, the sitting-room half with a green-skirted table. Each table opens up to seat six, each is often put to additional use for Italian canasta, for bridge, for cocktail parties. To greet guests, a tree devised of fresh carnations and small chrysanthemums. Above the sofa, part of one very large eighteenth-century family portrait that Mr. Morgan liked. Omitted, the mother and two little boys; a sizable family group remains.

Urban Morgan arrives at his decorating positives by starting with "no's": no clichés, no tricks, not even a set scheme. "Beautiful things, pulled together, make their own scheme. Establish the mood of the house right inside the front door." Right inside Mr. Morgan's front door, is the drawing room, *below*, all sparkle and reflected light, either daylight through the French doors that lead in from a formal section of his rooftop garden, or the nightlight of candelabra and Polish Empire lamps. Mr. Morgan uses few mirrored walls, but broke his own rule to put one, for balance, in this small oblong room. The room, originally painted all white, made the pretty blue glow of the antique mirror look black. Redoing the walls in pale-blue burlap gave the mirror back its blue. A complete change of scenery, Mr. Morgan's bedroom, *right*, done up like an Empire tent room, is lined all over, except the floor, with green-and-white striped ticking. Included here, leopard-cushioned Italian Directoire chairs, a Biedermeier desk; on the walls, old prints, miniatures, plaques. Mr. Morgan bought the French Directoire bed when he was a student at the Parsons School of Design—where, now, a many-year decorating career later, he delivers stern "no tricks" advice to the graduating class in Interior Decoration.



Empire tent bedroom, green and white and old prints

Drawing room, blue and mirrored, Venetian, French, and Polish antiques





Breakfast at a round table: breakfast for two, one to sit on a black leather-covered wing-back chair, the other on a chaise made especially inviting by a fringed throw and embroidered silk cushions. The latter belong to Mrs. William Paley, one of sixteen New York hostesses who designed table settings for a Tiffany exhibit (another hostess's way with a round table appears on page 134). From Tiffany, Mrs. Paley chose green-thistled white china, crystal tumblers, and antique sterling silver, these to go with white linen mats and napkins on a to-the-floor sweep of printed olive-green cotton, all of this underlined by an ivory-coloured antique Persian rug. Among the table things from Mrs. Paley's own collection: a black basalt porcupine whose perforated back is quilled with fresh mignonettes.

My Portuguese friends—

and the recipes they taught me

BY IDA TURNER DONNAT

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Ida Turner Donnat is an American married to a Frenchman who designs sets for the Lisbon theatre. To her, recipes, like photographs in a family album, are attached to fragments of personal history. Here are some she wrote down, sitting before the fire in her Lisbon house on a cold, rainy day.*

Tradition plays a large part in Portuguese homemaking. Engracia my cook, for instance, a wonderful woman—a housebroken witch who can not read the time, but knows everything there is to know of green and growing things—scents the house with burning rosemary after the birth of my children, steams eucalyptus leaves under the beds to cure family colds, makes lemon tea for headaches, and *sopa de cavalo consado* (soup for a tired horse)—made with hot wine—for herself the day after a dinner party.

Here, is her recipe for:

GREEN BROTH

3 quarts water
1 tablespoon salt
1½ pounds potatoes
1 glass of olive oil
1 pound green cabbage leaves
Salt, pepper

Bring water and salt to boiling point, and add peeled potatoes. When cooked, rub through sieve, then add cooking water and olive oil. Season to taste and bring to boiling point. Roll up cabbage leaves (these should be fresh from the icebox—urban version of the village well), and shred paper-thin with a sharp knife. Ladle the soup into plates, top with shredded cabbage, and serve.

This soup, like everything else, is very good if made with care, and quite flat and commonplace if not. Its success depends on the contrast between the very hot white broth and the crisp ice-cold green leaf. All is lost if the cabbage is allowed to drown and become limp and lukewarm. *Do not stir*. Serve with corn bread.

On feast days, the Portuguese peasant rolls a bit of country sausage in corn meal before baking: the fat soaks through the hot golden bread—delicious.

Needless to say, this is not a party dish. It looks and tastes its best in shiny green Portuguese pottery, with a big jug of wild flowers crowning the sunlit table.

Guilhermina de Mello Correa lives with her son in a strawberry-pink palace. A charming old lady, pale as white wine, she ages as beautifully, and—nearly ninety—can eat lobster mayonnaise at dinner and sit up all night. She gave me the recipe for:

CHICKEN WITH PARTRIDGE SAUCE

(which has no partridge to it, except in name and, of course, in taste.)

1 plump chicken
7 chicken livers
7 egg yolks
Olive oil
Wine vinegar
1 clove garlic
Salt, pepper
1 teaspoon granulated gelatine, soaked in
1 tablespoon chicken stock

Boil the chicken. Cook the chicken livers and rub through a sieve (together with hard-boiled egg yolks), into a bowl. Beat in the olive oil with a silver fork, a drop at a time, as in the making of mayonnaise. Pound the garlic into a little vinegar, and add to the sauce. Cover the cold breast meat of the chicken with the sauce, and glaze with the gelatine broth. When the sauce has set into a firm brown satin, lift each slice carefully onto the serving dish (pay attention to the colours, it looks wonderful with gold and white china), and surround them with boiled baby potatoes sprinkled with chopped dill.

If you can find it—I discovered a bottle in New York's Penthouse Club Restaurant—serve a Faisca Rosé, a gay pink wine that is the perfect accompaniment for this dish.

Amelia Rey Colaço, first lady of the Lisbon stage, is sweet as a full-blown tea rose. It was at her table that I first tasted partridge cooked this way:

PARTRIDGE WITH VILLAIN'S SAUCE

2 partridges
½ cup fat salt pork
1 onion
1 bay leaf
10 grains black pepper
Salt

Feather, draw, and truss birds. Put in pot, nearly cover with boiling water, add pork fat, onion, bay leaf, pepper, and salt, and simmer until tender. Remove partridges from cook- *(Continued on page 138)*



Dinner at a round table: dinner for three at a pedestalled chestnut table, a copy of a nineteenth-century idea. Mrs. Lewis A. Lapham set this table for Tiffany in all blue-and-green, tying blue-green Siamese silk pads onto the black and gold Regency chairs, and continuing the colour scheme with teal-blue quilted silk place mats and linen napkins. From Tiffany, Mrs. Lapham chose "Shell and Thread" vermeil knives, forks, and spoons, crystal goblets, and Spode's warm blue "Jefferson" stoneware. From her own Connecticut house, she brought the green malachite cigarette box, the pachysandra leaves in the old black basalt Wedgwood bowl, and the dinner bell, which, in its early days, summoned children to attention in the classroom.

MANNERS

(Continued from page 121)

friend upon arriving. Equally correct and attractive is the custom of providing a friend with a sheaf of letters to use or not to use, depending on time and circumstance; in this case, the traveller may send round letters by the hotel porter, or may telephone and ask to present them in person. The great advantage of this system, obviously, is the fact that no one is alerted to expect a traveller who never appears, and the traveller, who may be suddenly entangled in other matters, need not endure guilt feelings about failing to pursue the kind introduction that was offered under other circumstances. Naturally, the pace of contemporary life may sometimes make it impossible for traveller and visitor to manage more than a telephone conversation, in which case warmth and understanding on both sides become the gauge of good manners.

Guests no longer feel that they have been treated inhospitably if their hostess puts them up at a hotel since houses, for the most part, are smaller and household staffs small or non-existent. The hostess who wishes to follow this plan should make the necessary reservations and arrange in advance to have the hotel bills sent to her.

Dinners at home: In spite of the scarcity of household help, the hostess still wishes to serve meals as attractively as possible; what she must not do, however, if she has no help, is to adhere to the complicated menus and detailed table settings that require one or more waitresses. If the hostess must clear the plates away herself, the arrangements should be simple. Husbands—even in some very conservative English households—more often than not give an easy assist when the going is rough. Conversation must not be impeded by service. . . . Again, in the helpless household, guests have obligations. Most important among these is assuming the responsibility for giving reasonably direct answers. When the host asks, for example, what sort of pre-dinner drink you would like, the amiable reply should be a flat "whisky on the rocks, please," or "a martini if you're making them." Sherry is a presentable request; complicated cocktails are out. Betwixt and between answers are party poison.

Technological progress and manners have a curious alliance. Air-conditioning, for example, sets up new behaviour currents too complicated for specific rules. Perhaps the only safe precept is that one may assume that people who take pains to air-condition their houses will not welcome guests who throw open the windows, disturbing thermostats and other controls as well as raising the T.H.I. About plane travel there are clearer points. If you are travelling alone on a plane in which seats are not assigned, you may find that other passengers travelling together are unable to sit together. It is graceful, though by no means essential, to offer to change places so that mother and child, or husband and wife may be together. And while it's all very well to be comfortable en route, it is unforgiveable to base your comfort on a complete change of clothes that involves monopolizing the dressing room for an unreasonable amount of time—or using it to wash your diamonds as one beautiful young movie star was observed doing.

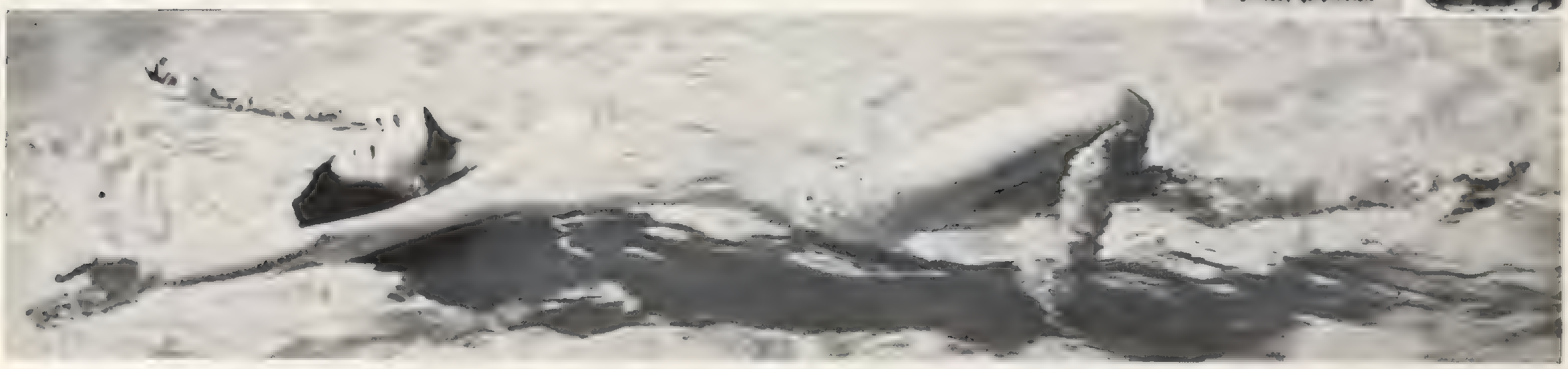
Non-technological breakthroughs send out their thought-waves too. In the area of manners for the young, most Americans are slowly emerging from the confining chrysalis of the child-centred period. The new era—called by one experienced mother the "progressive progressive age"—calls for resuming good and proper boundaries for children without maintaining the over-starchiness of the Victorians. Rule one: When there are guests in the house, it is both required and desirable for children to appear and greet the guests pleasantly, shaking hands with alacrity, saying "How do you do, Mrs. X" clearly. That is about the outside limit of child-guest sociability unless the guests are old friends and close friends who thoroughly enjoy the attentions of children. With the usual adult guest, such prolonged and exuberant displays as producing toys, paintings, or hamsters are not only to be discouraged; they are to be stamped out.

Curiously, the admirable Dr. Spock devotes less than ten lines of his superb work to the subject of manners. Yet one must compromise with him at many points. Although he is quite correct in urging mothers to let children abandon unfinished meals, there comes a time—say at the age of about five—when children should begin to be aware of the fact that food that has been cooked and served to them should be eaten without dawdling or complaint. Obviously, this rule is to be most rigidly enforced when the children are visiting; a few hearty dislikes are permissible at home

(Continued on page 141)

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Country walks: what goes with them



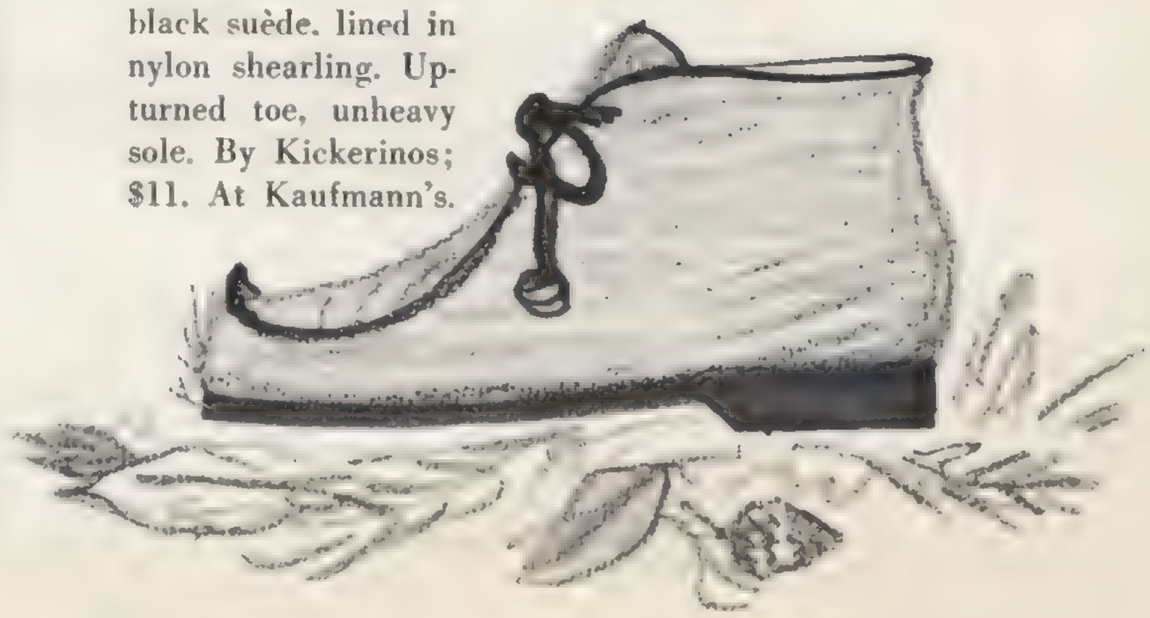
Burnished brown calf-skin shoe with ghillie tie, leather heel. By Air Step; about $15 at Foot Saver Shop; Woodward & Lothrop.



Shoe of sturdy stuff: brown suède, with detachable fringe. By Haymaker; about $19 at Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus.



Zebra-stripes printed on a flat leather shoe with peaked toe. By Joyce; $12 at Bloomingdale's. This, also in unstriped suède.



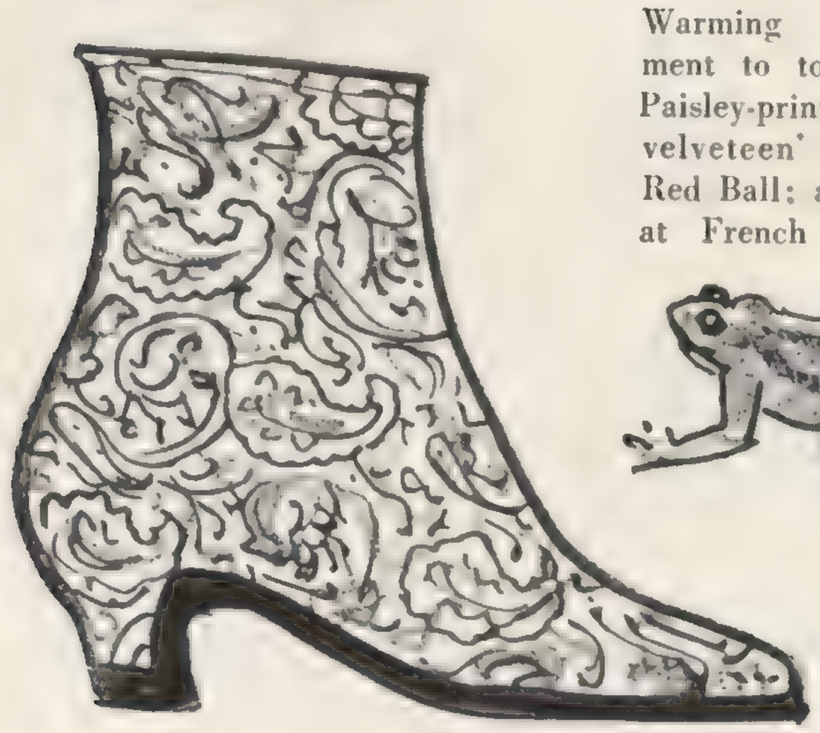
After-ski boot of black suède, lined in nylon shearling. Upturned toe, unheavy sole. By Kickerinos; $11. At Kaufmann's.



For leaf-kicking now: a cocoa suède shoe with fringed flap. stacked leather heel. extended sole. $19 at Saks Fifth Avenue.

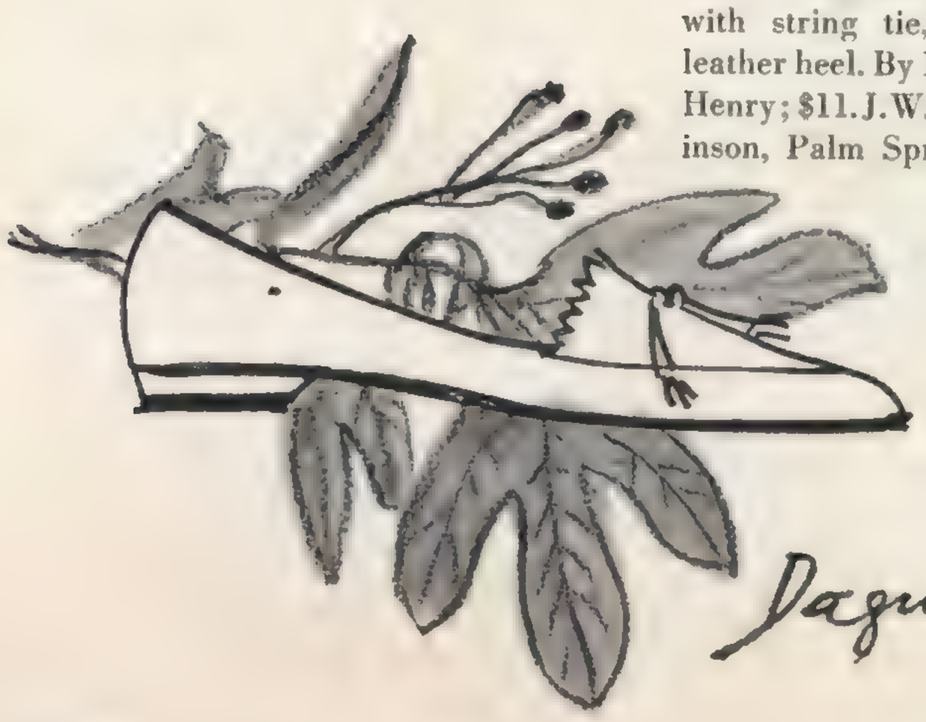


Square-toed walking shoe of rust calfskin. with higher leather heel—this could walk in town, too. $22 at Foot Saver Shop.



Warming compartment to top shoes: Paisley-printed cotton velveteen boot. By Red Ball; about $14 at French Bootery.

Relative of a moccasin—beige calfskin with string tie, low leather heel. By Edith Henry; $11. J. W. Robinson, Palm Springs.



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My Portuguese friends—and the recipes they taught me

(Continued from page 133)

ing broth, quarter, arrange on dish and cover with Villain's sauce:

2 onions
2 cloves garlic
2 sprigs parsley
6 tablespoons olive oil
4 tablespoons wine vinegar
Salt
Pepper

Chop the onion, garlic, and parsley very fine. Put all in a glass jar together with the oil and vinegar, season to taste, shake, and chill in icebox one hour. Shake, again, for a few minutes, pour over the hot partridges, and let stand overnight. Serve very cold, surrounded by a fresh green salad and boiled baby potatoes sprinkled with chopped parsley.

This dish is also excellent when made with hare, or turkey (if you can bring yourself to boil it), if partridges are not as plentiful in your area as they are in Portugal.

Maria Teresa dos Santos, mother of the director of the *Casa de Portugal* in Paris, would have been born out of her time if she had not been born in Portugal where women still make lace for the bed-linen and embroider tablecloths with hearts and flowers. Senhora dos Santos can be seen stitching all day long on her flowered balcony above the crooked street lined with candy-coloured houses. When daylight fades, she folds up her work to go into the kitchen where she often makes:

SOLE STUFFED WITH SHRIMP

2 pounds fillets of sole
1 pound shrimp
3 tablespoons butter
3 tablespoons flour
1 cup milk
2 eggs
Cracker crumbs
Salt, pepper, lemon juice

Season fillets of sole with salt, pepper, and lemon juice and let stand an hour. Melt butter, add flour, simmer, and add milk; simmer until sauce thickens; season with salt and pepper and add cleaned shrimps. Cover fillets with sauce and with another fillet; dip in beaten eggs, then in cracker crumbs, and fry in deep fat until golden. Serve with:

SHRIMP SAUCE

2 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons flour
1 cup milk
½ cup water used for cooking shrimps
1 tablespoon butter
¼ cup cooked shrimps
1 teaspoon tomato sauce
Salt, pepper, lemon juice

Melt butter, add flour, stir; add milk and shrimp water; simmer until sauce thickens. Pound shrimps with butter, add tomato sauce (to make it a pretty pink), and add to sauce; rub through fine sieve. Season with salt, pepper, and a few drops of lemon juice.

The heart of the Portuguese cook is in her desserts. The Portuguese have a very sweet tooth, a taste left over, as in Spain, from the Arabs, together with white-washed houses and coloured porcelain tiles. Later, sweets for holy days were made in convents, and have, to this day, these names: "bacon from heaven," "angels' breasts," "nuns' bellies."

Some of the most charming pieces of Portuguese art are the paintings of a seventeenth-century "maid who never wed"—*molher donzella que nunca cazou*—Josefa of Obidos, with her rush baskets filled with bread and white sweets of every shape: shells, fans, and stars, scattered on lace-edged linens among sugared almonds, ribbons, and flowers.

This gay and gentle old maid is long since dead, but the sweets remain, still rich with almond paste and convent eggs. They are, perhaps, too rich for foreign taste, and also too difficult to make. A full-blown pink rose with a pink and green bud and green leaves, all made in marzipan, is a lovely thing, but it is a work of art best left to artists.

Adelia Correia da Silva lives with her husband and daughters on a *quinta* in the Ribatejo, Portugal's bull-breeding province. She gave me a recipe that can not fail to delight—rich, cool, and creamy. It is a true party dish—partly because it takes time and trouble, and partly because it is expensive. It is, however, an excellent investment in pleasant living, for I can think of nobody, however disagreeable and difficult to please, whose temper would not be sweetened by it. It is, like all very good recipes, a recipe for joy. The recipe, which Senhora Dona Adelia, whose mother had it from her mother, gave me for a Christmas present, is:

ADELIA'S PINEAPPLE PRIDE

1 fresh ripe pineapple
1 pound powdered sugar
14 eggs
4 tablespoons granulated gelatine

Peel the pineapple and pound it into a frothy pulp. Set half the pulp aside for sauce. Add the sugar to the other half and simmer in top of double boiler, stirring all the while with a wooden spoon, until the syrup begins to bubble. Take off the fire and add the beaten egg yolks. Simmer once more, stirring constantly, until the mixture thickens.

Take off the fire, and add the gelatine softened in a little cold water. Simmer once more until the gelatine has all dissolved. Take off the fire, and fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into a wet mould (the shape of a pineapple if you can find one, but, of course, any pretty mould will do). Let stand overnight. Put in the icebox an hour before the party. Unmould and serve with this sauce:

½ pulp of the pineapple
1 pound powdered sugar
14 egg yolks

Strain the pineapple pulp through a fine linen cloth to retain the juice only. Simmer the juice with the sugar in top of a double boiler, stirring all the while with a wooden spoon, until it begins to bubble. Take off the fire, and add the beaten egg yolks. Simmer once more, stirring constantly, until the mixture thickens. Cool.

This shining yellow beauty deserves good china. Senhora Dona Adelia serves it on her finest flowered East India Company china, and it is as lovely to look at as to taste. At dinner, it is served with a very dry old port, but I far prefer it with champagne the way it was served at Senhora Dona Adelia's daughters' weddings.

It is in the Ribatejo, too, that the local gentry ride—on horseback and in carriages—to look over the horses at the horse fair held at Golegã, on Saint Martin's Day. They also make the rounds of the taverns, tasting the new "green" wine in the vine-trellised patios, eating hot sausage and brown bread and roasting the traditional chestnuts in the open fires. There is always a chestnut dish at dinner on this day—usually chestnut purée with vanilla and whipped cream. But this is a French dish, and I prefer:

CHESTNUT CAKE

¾ cup butter
1 cup sugar
4 eggs
1 tablespoon rum
2 cups chestnuts (shelled, cooked, and sieved)
¼ cup grated almonds
1 cup sweet whipped cream

Cream butter. Beat in sugar gradually, and add well-beaten egg yolks and rum. Mix chestnuts and almonds and add to first mixture. Beat well. Fold in stiffly-beaten egg whites. Pour into buttered cake pan sprinkled with cracker crumbs. Bake forty-five minutes in moderate oven (350° Fahrenheit). Cool. Split, and put together with whipped cream.

Cover with chocolate frosting made from:

½ pound bitter chocolate
½ cup butter
Toasted almonds

Melt chocolate and butter in top of a double boiler and beat until thick enough to spread. Decorate frosting with toasted almonds.

Adelia Brazão, the attractive daughter-in-law of the Portuguese Ambassador to Rome, gave me the recipe for a teatime pastry which goes just as well with iced coffee. It is quite different from any other pastry because of its elusive and elegant taste of port wine. The pastries, of which I enjoyed a silver dishful, are:

PORT WINE TURNOVERS

1½ cups fine flour
⅔ cup butter
1 small port wineglass of port wine
1 pot raspberry jam

Sift the flour, and work in first the butter then the port wine. Roll out the pastry and cut rounds with a wineglass. Spoon the raspberry jam onto one side, wet the edges with cold water, fold over, and press together the edges. Prick. Bake in a moderate oven until golden brown. While hot, roll in sugar. I use the shiny pink granulated sugar, shaken in a glass with raspberry flavouring.

BOSOM PERFECTION

(Continued from page 127)

spite of all the brouhaha about extravagant bosoms, the fashionable ideal is still a matter of discussion, not distinctly definable. Fashion itself can be rather ambivalent, favouring a restrained lissomeness by day; and, by night, a more unrestrained effect. (A situation which led a celebrated writer to remark of a certain lady that "she wore a low but futile décolletage.")

Indisputably, the truly flat chest is not now desirable in any sense of the word. Dr. Theodor Reik, the eminent psychologist, wrote: "We (men) miss a well-developed bosom. Even in the slim female figure of today we expect a well-proportioned bust as an indispensable part of beauty." And women themselves seem to recognize this. One surgeon has reported that when he asked a patient who was about to have corrective surgery for an uncomfortably large bosom what shape she would like to become, she answered succinctly, "Size thirty-six, B cup." Actually, there is not and never should be one shape or one set of proportions that absolutely prevail; but a nicely-developed, rather than underdeveloped bosom is just about as close to today's ideal as you can come.

Exactly what improvements can be made in this delicate (and it is delicate) area? Without surgery, nothing predictably definite. Experiments have been made with hormone salves and endocrinological treatments; both are still considered precarious. Massage is dangerous. Exercise—though it may not show the immediate, direct results of exercises for the waist and hips—has had some pleasant successes. Although the muscles that underly the breast do not actually support it, a wise regimen of exercises for these muscles can lead to a different look, can effect a better placement of the bosom on the chest cage, and can help to ward off (though not to cure) sagging.

Most rewarding of all is to strengthen the muscles involved in good posture—a cliché, we know, but crucial in the appearance of the bosom. Normally well-developed breasts, plus poor posture, can seem like a flat chest; extremely well-developed breasts, plus poor posture, equal a sagging bosom. Many a surprise-change of appearance (not actual shape) has been wrought with a carefully worked-at régime of concentration on stance and carriage, exercise, and stand-up-straight discipline.

It's quite possible that the underdeveloped bosom is simply a reflection of overall slenderness, and that a general weight-gaining program should be undertaken with the understanding that—in order to keep the slenderness you like in waist, hip, and thighs—you'd simultaneously engage in a stepped-up program of spot-reducing, perhaps assisted by one of those marvellous little exercise machines. The idea, of course, to bank a bit of fat, and to control its location by way of exercise.

One of the most creative exercise directors in the country, a man whose New York gymnasium has in its classes almost every top model in the city, has devised a series of setups that he believes will result in a remarkable look of change—whether your bosom problem is a matter of too much or too little. They are intended to create what this expert calls "a brassière of muscles." For more about these exercises, see page 144.

The classic brassière of standard material can do quite a bit of figure-improving on its own—but only if a resolve is taken about it. The resolution: never, never to buy a brassière as you might buy a pair of stockings—size, colour, charge, and send; always to try on a brassière, and have it fitted as you would a dress or a suit. What should it do? It should bring the points of your breasts up to a normal position (the bosom is theoretically located between the third and the seventh ribs). It should, for taste's sake, be rounded, not pointed. It should make—not force—a nice dividing line. If you have a full bosom, it should give excellent support from underneath; if you are underendowed, it should, unashamedly, have padding. A good brassière can not only give the impression of a good bosom, but can give a dress the lines its designer intended.

The one method by which a woman profoundly concerned with the fact of either too much or too little bosom can gratify her ideal of perfection is, still, surgery. The surprising fact is that the decision for and the prospect of such an operation is not anything like as traumatic as many people believe. In the case of a woman with an over-large, sagging bosom, the decision to correct it by surgery may not originate with the woman herself at all, but with her gynecologist, who is concerned only with her health; the improvement in her appearance is secondary (though welcome). Operations to enlarge the breasts are purely cosmetic in intent, and are accomplished by implants of a spongy or foamy plastic material designed to be acceptable to the body tissues.

Either way, the preliminary discussion with the surgeon is apt to be matter-of-fact, unterrifying, and unembarrassing (very much, indeed, like discussing plans for a new building with an architect). But he will bring up certain questions that must be clearly understood and considered before a final decision is made. These questions vary according to whether the operation under discussion is to reduce or enlarge the size of the breasts—in technical terms, whether it's a reduction or an augmentation. Reduction may be done by any one of several different surgical techniques, depending on the individual case. One of the methods rules out any possibility that the woman will be able to nurse a baby in the future; the other two make it much less likely that she will be able to do so. All leave scars, which may be inconspicuous, but are never slight.

Although it does, admittedly, have these drawbacks, reduction of the breasts by any of the accepted methods is a well-known and time-honoured surgical procedure. It has long been practised for purely medical reasons on women of all ages, and a great deal is known about it. The same can not be said about augmentation, or enlargement of the breasts. This is a kind of plastic surgery that has only been practised within recent years, perhaps eight at the most, and its long-range effects are therefore still unknown.

The most obvious difficulty it presents is that of introducing a foreign body—i.e., the plastic foam or sponge—into the human system, which surgeons avoid doing whenever possible. In this case an artificial material must be used, but it's never possible to predict with certainty that the system will receive it hospitably. Even when the utmost surgical skill is employed and every precaution taken, there's a possibility of infection, and if this happens the implants must be removed. An-

(Continued on page 141)



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BOSOM PERFECTION

(Continued from page 139)

other possible (and unpredictable) result is that the implants may gradually become infiltrated with scar tissue—the system's way of fighting back at foreign intrusions—and may become uncomfortably hard, even rock-like; here again the only solution is removal of the implants. (You will be no worse off than when you started, but you will be no better off, either.) On the other hand, the implants may be received with perfect aplomb by the tissues, and neither of these mishaps may occur. It's a calculated risk. And there's this on the credit side of the ledger: the augmentation operation leaves very small scars, often almost imperceptible.

Neither of these operations has ever been known to cause cancer. In the case of reduction mammaplasty, indeed, the danger is probably lessened, since the area of possible malignancy is made smaller.

One question, of course—perhaps the most important one—has already been asked before this conference: "What surgeon shall I go to?" Perhaps your own doctor can answer this question. If not, consult the two or three largest and best-known hospitals in the city nearest to you for their recommendations. The surgeon you choose should be on the plastic surgery staff of a reputable voluntary or teaching hospital, should have his board certification in plastic surgery, or should be recommended by the county medical society. If he is also a member of the American Society for Plastic and Reconstructive Surgery, this is a further recommendation, though not a requirement. A surgeon of this calibre—the only kind you should consider—will probably charge a fee of from $1,000 to $1,500 for a breast operation. In terms of heightened self-confidence and self-esteem, of psychic (as well as physical) uplift, it may be worth it. For many women the knowledge that it is possible may be reassurance enough.

PERFUME IS NOT SPINACH

(Continued from page 106)

which seems to have as many moods as the wearer chooses to impart to it—all, charming. On one level, it suggests cool woods, moss, and leaves; on another, it's pleasantly sultry. All this is $22.50 an ounce. . . . Carven's *Vert et Blanc*, new and fresh in its green-and-white box (the colour-signature of this house), is a fragrance likely to appeal to the woman who is intensely feminine, yet has a mind of her own. Beneath its interlacing of jasmine, rose, and other flower essences is a pungent note that is stimulating, if not downright challenging. Price: $25 an ounce.

On other fronts, the news involves some ingenious new bottlings, some welcome new versions of the great "classic" fragrances. A new spray *flacon* for Lanvin's almost legendary *Arpège* is not only handsome (in black and gilt), but scientific. The propelling agent, which is what actually makes the spray whoosh out, is isolated from the fragrance, so there's no chance of its altering the essential oils. (The scent itself is in the Eau de Lanvin, or somewhat lighter, version.) This will be in the shops after November 1, costing $5. . . . Corday's *Trapèze*, flowery, light, but lingering, is making its début in an eau-de-cologne spray. The 2¼-ounce dispenser provides a thousand metred sprays—the metring, a marvellous system for controlling wafts of fragrance, reducing waste. This is $5. . . . Chanel's famous *No. 5* is appearing in a new lipstick-size dispenser in black and gold that releases one of 225 metred sprays at the touch of a finger, travels with aplomb, and assures devotees they need never have to budge without it. $5. . . . Lentheric's new purse-size atomizer case, in golden-textured metal, not only looks like a lipstick, but can accommodate click-in refills of the three Lentheric scents—you might start with their *Miracle*. It, too, dispenses the bursts efficiently via metring. Called Perfumatic, it's $5.50. . . . A new three-ounce bottle of Raphael's *Réplique* isolates the propellant in a separate clear glass cylinder so it never comes in contact with the perfume (which is tangy, spirited, and long-lasting). For travelling, the atomizer top and cylinder are replaced by a spillproof cap. All complete, it is $50. . . . Joyous news for *Joy* lovers: Patou's famous scent, in its Eau de Toilette version, now comes in a one-and-a-half ounce leakproof bottle, for travelling. It's small enough to tuck in a corner of your luggage, big enough to scent all but the longest trips beautifully. $12. . . . Millot's delicious *Crêpe de Chine*, a scent as bright and soft-textured as the silk it's named for, has appeared in a new strength called Eau de Crêpe de Chine—more concentrated than cologne, less so than the perfume itself. $8 for five ounces. . . . Another concentrate more intense than cologne or toilet water, but lighter than perfume, is Dorothy Gray's enjoyable fragrance called *Voltage*—flowery in essence, with a pleasantly woodsy overtone. Now, it's in a sleek new aerosol dispenser of polished black and gilt. Two ounces, $5.

Note: The above prices do not include Federal tax.

MANNERS

(Continued from page 135)

as long as they do not become capricious.

Perhaps one of the most difficult courtesies to instill in the young is the matter of the bread-and-butter letter. Remarks of the "None of the others do" school must be firmly expunged from young vocabularies, and even if the early correspondence consists of one-sentence letters with staggering LOVE at bottom, look upon it as an almost noble beginning.

In all matters of pleasant behaviour, a sense of the times, a sense of the other person, coupled with a sense of humour will answer most questions, solve most problems, and will certainly present, if not rule-of-thumb manners, a happy manner.

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Lucky Investment *(Continued from page 93)*

to stay with his aunt for a week, but that was torture, and when he came back to New York, to the apartment, it was worse. Everything, everywhere, reminded him of Esther. He paced the floor, he sat on the sofa by the fire, his head in his hands. He did not see how he could stand it. His mind simply refused to believe that his wife, his perfect, his beautiful wife, was gone.

And there was, to cap his grief, another worry. Harry had no money. The funeral expenses had been enormous, he had had to borrow six weeks' salary ahead at the hospital to meet them. His aunt had given him what little she could, but that was gone now, too. He had, almost literally, nothing. He could not blame Esther, he had never given her enough for her to be able to save.

He looked around the apartment. He would have to sell something, pawn something, if he was to eat for the next few weeks. His eye went from object to object, but none was right, each had a reason for him to keep it. But suddenly, and he thought probably inevitably, his mind went to the one thing that had caused any unhappiness in his married life—the pictures. He remembered the frame that had cost forty dollars. Could he perhaps sell it for half that, for twenty? Twenty dollars would help mightily, for a start.

He went into his wife's room. Almost at once he saw the picture of the two pears. It was on the wall facing the door, a wall, he counted distractedly, which held twenty-seven paintings.

He took the picture, wrapped it in a piece of brown paper and went out immediately. This is good, he thought sadly, it at least gives me something to do.

He remembered a framing and art store several blocks from the apartment and he walked straight to it. As he went in he saw reproductions, the kind of reproductions Esther had liked so well.

The owner was an elderly German who smiled as Harry unwrapped his package. Harry's hands shook a little, he was not used to this sort of thing, he did not know how to begin. "I wonder . . ." he said.

But then he noticed the old man's eyes. They were open and staring. "My goodness," the old man said. "Where did you get this?"

"It . . . it was my wife's," Harry said. "I was hoping to raise a little money . . . I. . . ."

The old man spread his hands and laughed. "We do not handle things like this." he said, "it is out of our class a little."

"My wife," Harry said, "told me the frame cost forty dollars."

"The *frame?*" The old man laughed harder. "You do not worry about a frame when you have a Cézanne."

"What?" Harry said.

The old man leaned across the table. "You do not know what you have? This picture is a Cézanne."

"My wife," Harry said, "painted this picture."

The old man shook his head. "Maybe your wife painted pictures," he said, "but not like this. Look, I show you." He went to a shelf, took down a large volume, ran through the pages, then turned the book around so Harry could see. There on the page, exactly reproduced in color, was the picture of the two pears.

"See?" The old man picked up the picture, turned it over. "There," he said, pointing to a label on the back of the frame. "The Prichard Gallery. 57th Street. That's where it came from. It's worth maybe ten, twelve thousand dollars."

"Those pears?"

Dazed, Harry picked up the picture and the piece of brown paper and walked out of the store.

The old man, he decided, when he was once more on the sidewalk, must be mad. And yet. . . . Those were certainly the pears there in the book. Esther . . . she must have copied them. That was it. Yet it seemed an odd thing to do. And the label of the Prichard Gallery. Could she have bought the frame there? Harry hesitated, then turned north, toward 57th Street. He might still find a way to get his twenty dollars. . . .

The deep ruby carpet of the Prichard Gallery drowned his footsteps. A man in black clothes nodded inquiringly at him, and when Harry, showing the pears, said, "I want to find out something about this picture," led him back into a private office where another, older man in blacker clothes sat behind a desk. "Mr. Prichard," the first man murmured, "this gentleman. . . ."

Mr. Prichard rose and smiled. Harry shook his hand and sat down opposite, and then very carefully chose the words he spoke. "This was a picture of my wife's," he said.

Mr. Prichard drew the pears toward him lovingly, "Ah, yes," he said. "The little Cézanne. I am happy to see it again."

"You know it?" Harry said.

"Very well." Mr. Prichard said. Then he looked up at Harry. "I don't think I know your name."

"I am Harry Benson."

Mr. Prichard rose again, walked over to a table and opened a large ledger. "Benson," he said. "Yes. The Cézanne was delivered to Mrs. Benson. And your address?"

Harry gave it.

"Yes. We must be careful, you can understand. Has Mrs. Benson some question about the picture?"

"My wife is dead," Harry said.

Mr. Prichard came back to his desk, properly sympathetic.

"I was wondering," Harry said, "about selling."

A flicker of light crossed Mr. Prichard's eye. He nodded slowly. "We are quite prepared to pay," he said, "what it was sold for. Fifteen thousand. Pictures are such a good investment. One is so wise nowadays to put money in pictures. . . . But. . . ."

"Yes?" Harry said.

"Would you leave it with us overnight? Quite frankly, we would like to check your identity."

Harry took out his wallet. There was in it a card from the hospital and his social security. "I think you can find out everything you need to know," he said, "at the hospital. I have been employed there fifteen years."

Harry accepted a receipt from Mr. Prichard, then walked again over the silent ruby carpet and out into the late afternoon light of 57th Street. He turned east, toward Madison, and he had gone perhaps a hundred paces before he stopped, leaned against the side of a building, and let the awful facts of the truth come to the surface of his mind.

He was not sure, afterwards, whether he lost consciousness or not. He did not fall, at least. But the street was gone, the people were gone, and time was gone. All that remained were the awful facts of the picture, of fifteen thousand dollars. Esther never in her life had had fifteen thousand dollars. So the Cézanne must have been a present—a present—but a present from whom? And *why* had it been given to her?

Why? With all his strength Harry tried to straighten up, to stand. He was conscious of people staring at him, he began to walk. Somehow—he never knew by what streets—he got home.

For a time he sat dully on a sofa, staring in front of him. Then he got up, walked to his wife's room, opened the door. The pictures. There they were; on the wall, stacked on the floor. *But*—and now for the first time in his life Harry was aware of it—they were merely *stored* in this room. Harry picked one up from the floor. On its back was a label of another 57th Street Gallery. He turned over a second. Its label was from a gallery in Paris. How cynical Esther had been, how sure of herself—and him. There was no doubt now that all the pictures were real.

He went back and sat down on the sofa. Had she, he wondered, ever painted anything? Certainly there had never been a brush or a tube of paint or a canvas in the apartment. She had merely *said* she painted. All those afternoons and all those nights she had been away. . . .

He had to doubt everything now. The dresses. Since the first year of their marriage he had never actually seen her making any dresses. She had merely *said*. Those wonderful, expensive-looking dresses. And the fur coat. Of course it was real. He had been right, he should never have believed it was rabbit.

The pictures. She kept them in her room as she might in a . . . a warehouse. Could it have been that she did not really care for them any more than he? Were they just an investment for her? 'Pictures are such a good investment,' Mr. Prichard had said. And over and over Esther had told him how much a picture would be

(Continued on page 143)

worth, if it were real. Pictures were better than diamonds, better than money—there might be trouble about money, for whoever gave it to her.

Harry tried not to think about the 'who,' just about the 'why.' There were a hundred explanations of the 'who,' but why, why. . . .

Had she been, then, so terrified of poverty? Was she somehow, with the pictures, providing for her old age, a thing he, Harry, would never be able to do? Perhaps, perhaps. In any case, she had played both sides of the street, that was pretty obvious now. He remembered, suddenly, Esther getting out of a long, black car on a rainy night.

It was almost funny, the pictures, the things he hated, the things he knew nothing about. . . . Somebody, somewhere, had been very clever.

At least, Harry thought, she did not leave me, and then he thought, but there may have been reasons for that, too.

The pictures were real. There was the fact and he must face it. Esther had. . . . He lay down on the sofa and tried and tried to sleep.

In the morning—well, by noon—he was back on 57th Street.

Mr. Prichard was, if anything, more polite than he had been the day before. "You will, I am sure, forgive me for the precaution I took yesterday. You do understand such things are necessary?"

Harry nodded.

Mr. Prichard said, "My colleagues and I have been talking this over, and I can tell you we are prepared to offer you eighteen thousand for the Cézanne. We feel it is fair. Of course, if you would prefer to look for other offers. . . ."

"No," Harry said.

"Will a cheque be satisfactory? I have one here."

"A cheque is fine," Harry said.

Into his empty wallet he slipped the cheque, but as he got up to leave, Mr. Prichard stopped him. "Ah . . . I believe Mrs. Benson had other pictures. I know she had several from us. Are they still. . . ."

"Yes," Harry said, " I must have fifty."

"Fifty." Mr. Prichard's lips worked. "Are you interested in selling any of them?"

"All of them," Harry said.

"Ah," Mr. Prichard said. "So. Could we . . . suppose we have lunch and then maybe take a look at them. If you're free, of course."

"Lunch," Harry said, and remembered he had not eaten since the morning before, "I'd like that."

At five-thirty all the pictures from Esther's room were leaning against the walls of Mr. Prichard's office. All, that is, except two. "Sweet," Mr. Prichard had said, "but of no value. I expect Mrs. Benson painted them herself."

But the others. For two hours now Harry had sat while four men in black clothes and a secretary had looked and nodded and pondered and admired. He had heard over and over again the names that Esther used to say: Matisse, Picasso, Derain, Klee. But he heard, too, figures of money she had never used: twenty thousand, eight thousand, sixteen thousand, thirty thousand, figures which were incomprehensible to him when he looked at the pictures.

Now, finally, at five-thirty, he was alone again with Mr. Prichard, and Mr. Prichard was saying, "This, of course, is only a rough estimate you understand, but I think you can count on, after taxes, a net of two hundred and fifty thousand. It may be more, certainly it won't be less. It's a magnificent collection, but I guess I don't have to tell you."

Harry got up and walked over to a window.

"If Friday suits you, Friday morning, I think we can have everything arranged. We can get down to details."

Harry nodded. He could go now. There was no reason to stay. But he hesitated, and then he said, "I've been with you almost all day, and I . . . I haven't had a chance to get any money. Cash, I mean. I wonder. . . ."

"Of course," Mr. Prichard said, "will a hundred dollars be enough?"

With the money in his pocket, Harry walked the streets for an hour. He noticed people, people he imagined to be rich, he observed the way they walked, the looks on their faces, their clothes. I am, he kept saying to himself, one of them. I, Harry Benson.

At seven o'clock he went into the Ritz Bar, ordered a drink, then another, and then dinner. He never before in his life had been in an expensive restaurant. A man next to him, at a table against the wall, also was having dinner alone. He was reading a newspaper, and Harry asked the waiter to get him a paper, too.

But at the end of dinner, when the man was having coffee and had laid his paper down, Harry turned to him and said—only dimly realizing why he was saying it—"I'm sort of celebrating. I made three hundred thousand dollars this afternoon, net. Would you have a drink?"

The man would.

If Harry had been someone who read books, he would have understood that this was a situation Maupassant would have relished, but Harry did not read books. When he got home he was drunk, and no wiser, and not even very much poorer.

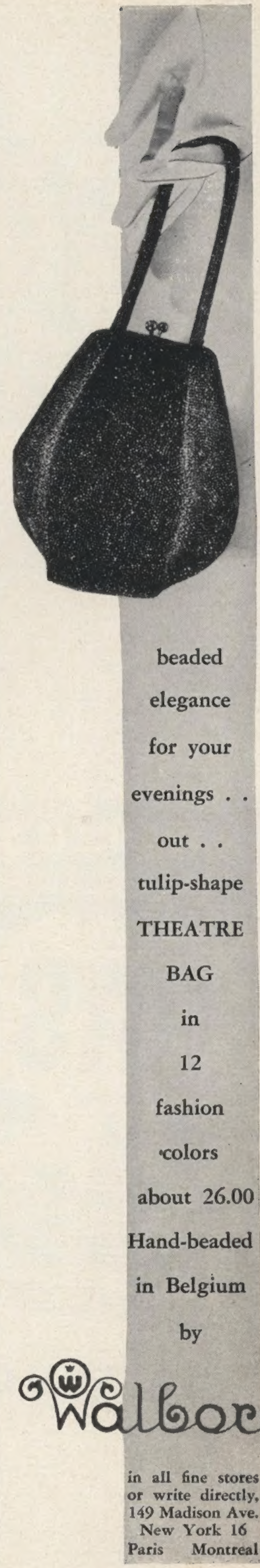
The next week, after everything was settled with the gallery, Harry went back to the hospital, paid up the advance he had drawn, and handed in his resignation. "I've had a windfall," he said to his superior in the laboratory, "I've come into about four hundred thousand dollars, and I'm going to take it easy for a while."

And at the bank, where he was arranging to have his money put into a trust fund, he said to a vice president, "It's no fortune, of course. Five hundred thousand dollars. I'm going to give you half of it to keep safe for me, the rest I think I'll play with. . . ."

That same week he gave up the apartment, sold everything in it and moved to a hotel.

But in less than a year, Harry married again, a widow of thirty-eight who like himself had an income and was lonely. She also, he made very sure of this before they married, had no interest in pictures.

They got on well enough, although she was no cook and could hardly sew on a button, but often Harry used to say to himself: "Oh, it is not the same, it is not so good, as it was with Esther."



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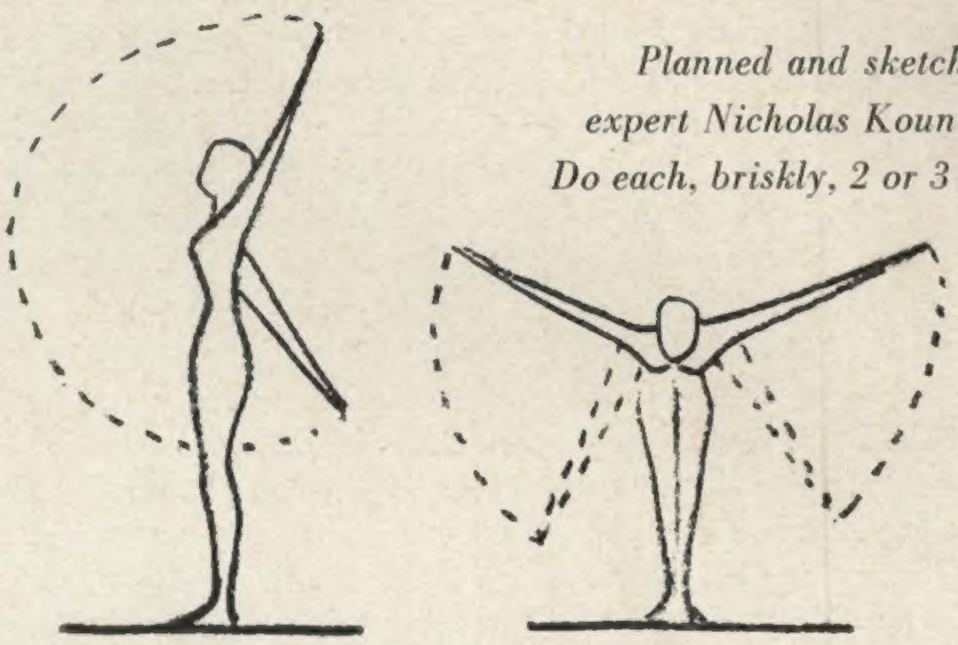
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Exercises for bosom beauty

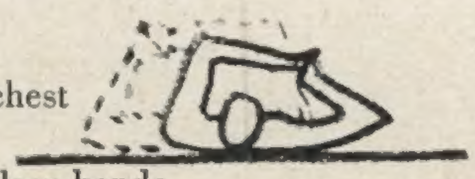
Planned and sketched by expert Nicholas Kounovsky. Do each, briskly, 2 or 3 times.



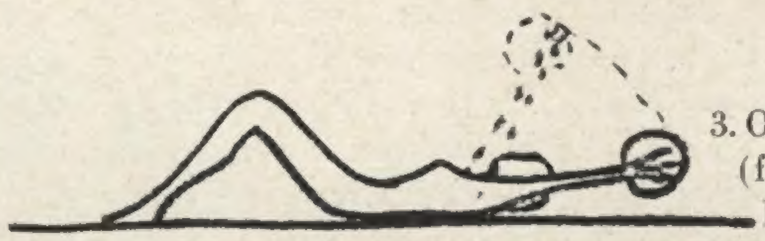
1

1. For shoulder suppleness, posture: Stand erect, arms back, abdomen stiff. Swing arms separately, up, back, in wide arcs. Lean over: "swim" with arms stiff, up, down.

2. To strengthen, develop pectorals (chest muscles): Lie on back, flat on floor. Clasp hands together. Push, hard, from side to side.



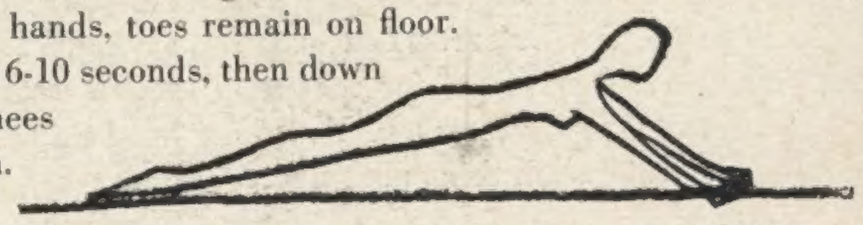
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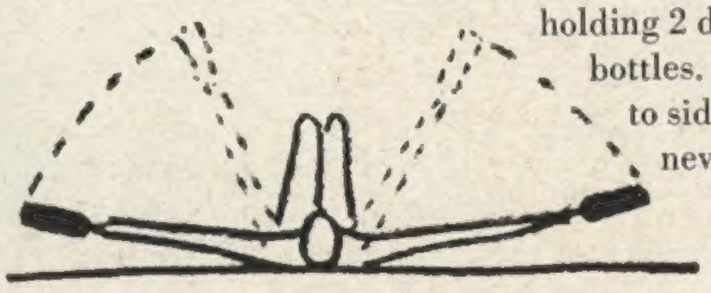
3. Overhead lift (for pectorals): Lying flat, lift a heavy weight (electric iron?). Hands never touch floor, never reach vertical.

4. To strengthen shoulders, upper back, and pectorals: Kneel on floor, palms forward, arms ahead of you (not vertical). Raise knees off floor; extend legs backward until straight. Only hands, toes remain on floor. Hold 6-10 seconds, then down to knees again.



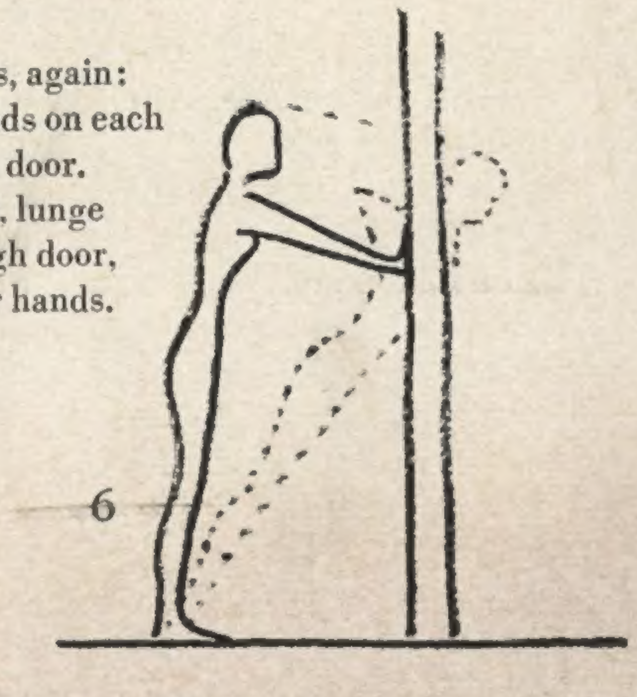
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5. Sideways lift, for pectorals: Lie flat on floor with knees bent, arms stiff, holding 2 dumbbells or heavy bottles. Lift to vertical, then return to sides. Hands should never touch floor.



5

6. For pectorals, again: Stand with hands on each side of an open door. With body stiff, lunge forward through door, braced by your hands.



6

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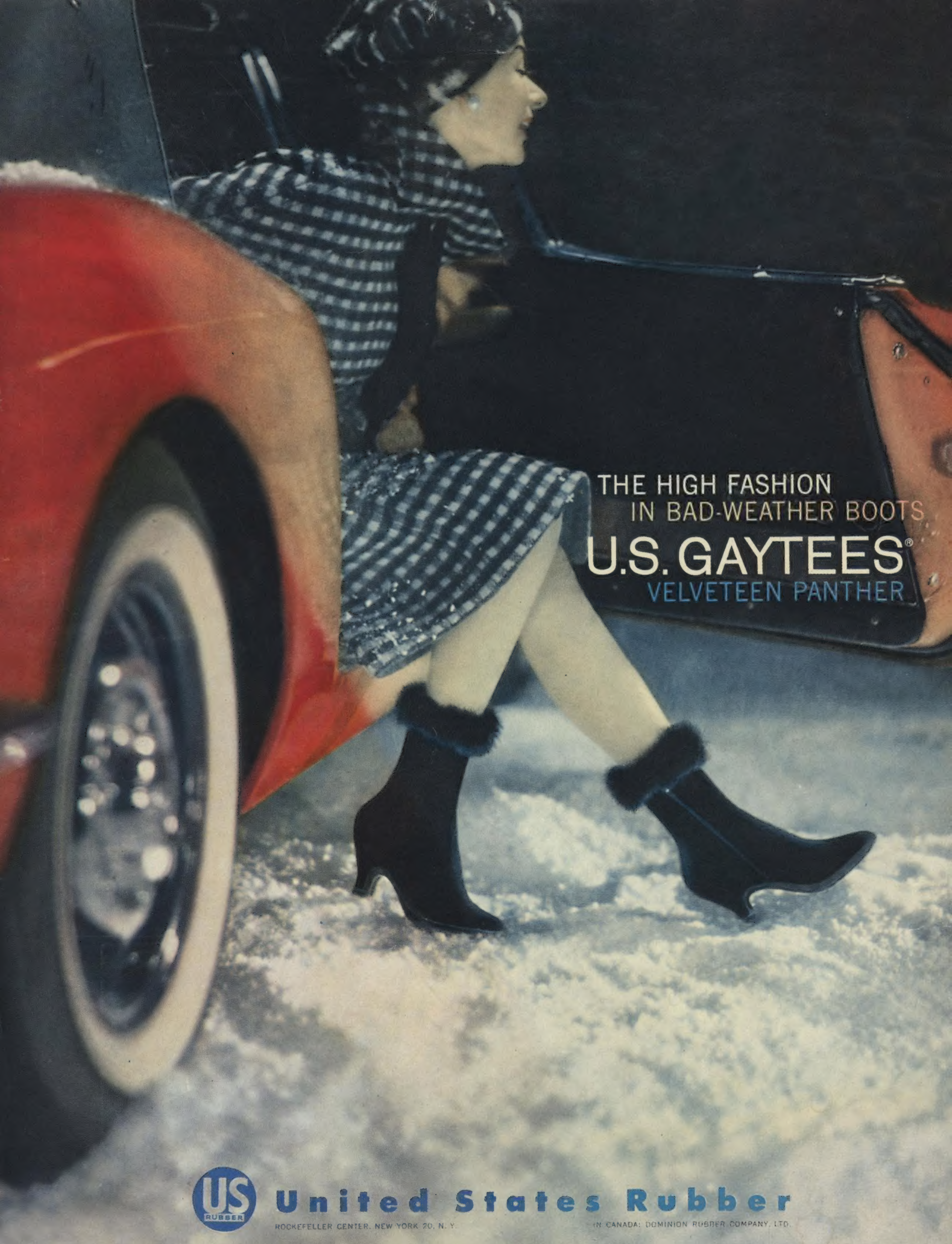
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